

# TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. A. E. AMES.

Sir.—A week ago you took pains to write a letter attacking me and then peddled it around to the newspapers with a request for its insertion. In it you asserted that I had almost continuously attacked you and your firm since your suspension, and that your purpose in writing to the press was to disclose my animus. You say, "He has, however, not argued—he has merely slandered." Of course a newspaper cannot "slander" for slander is a spoken thing, but to an angry man any epithet is good enough to hurl at an opponent. Further, you say, "I shall not reply to anything Mr. Sheppard has stated or hinted." Simply because you can't—what appeared was not an argument, but statements of facts. Nothing has been said or hinted about you on this page that I have the slightest reason to believe was untrue, misleading or inspired by malice. During the past months, when perfectly legitimate comment was being made upon your suspension and connection with the Atlas Loan Company, based on carefully studied reports of examinations, etc., no protest was entered by you, no letter written, no intimation sent that you were not being fairly used in this paper, though these columns are open to everyone who has a reasonable complaint to make of the treatment he has received. Were you unaware that the correct course for you to have pursued when you considered yourself maligned was to have written to the editor of the offending paper, or better still, to have called upon him with a request that the alleged "distortions" and "misstatements" of which you now complain, be set right? Now that you are making complaint, why did you rush to other papers, the readers of which are, many of them, unacquainted with the articles which appeared on this page, to tell them that I had "slandered" you, was "actuated by pique" and was "gratifying a desire for personal revenge"? What avails it to talk to those who understand nothing of the case or about "there being no calumny concerning your affairs that has been too gross" for my pen? You must think that everybody who reads the daily papers reads "Saturday Night" as well, or you would not pipe your pitiful tale into every passing ear, unless you feel less anxiety to help your own cause than to injure me. However, as your letter has been so widely published, it is unnecessary to reproduce more than enough to indicate your line of attack.

You offer as your excuse, "Mr. Sheppard's writings carry little weight, but everyone has some influence, and I think it unfair to my partners and myself that he should be permitted any longer to conceal his underlying motives, especially since hundreds doubtless read his racy paragraphs who do not take time to read the mass of evidence and papers which show the facts." Entirely disregarding the "facts" in the case, you assail my motives; you cannot deny me the right to examine yours. You are and always have been a clever self-advertiser, and it seems to me that your motive in writing as you have done was to call the attention of the public to how good you are and how bad I am. Your tub is altogether too full of soiled linen to make it wise for you to advertise that you are taking in other people's washing—mine, for instance. You accuse me of "posing," for you think much of that sort of thing, and your every attitude has been that of a poseur. Your large gifts to religious and other objects were widely advertised, and yet, curiously enough, unlike Mr. A. E. Wallace—not only knew what your right hand was doing, but you say that everybody else was informed of your generosity. What was the motive? Was it not that you desired to be esteemed rich as well as generous, that you might be thought worthy of being trusted with so much of other people's money that you could cut a wide swath in speculation? In view of the way you used their money, can it not be said with considerable reason that you are anxious to pay your depositors in full, more that your own credit may be restored than that you care twopence for the fate of the depositors themselves? You seem to have that peculiarly selfish nature which, when it meets with misfortune, is so overwhelmed with self-pity that the woes of others are of little or no importance. A few years ago you evidently jumped to the conclusion that you were a very great and good man—a conclusion which has not only made you absurd, but has led you and many others who clung to you into most disastrous situations. Your idea of your greatness and goodness makes you an absurdly pitiful figure as you stand surrounded by the misfortunes caused to you and by you to so many others through your lack of judgment and your excessive egotism. Instead of being repentant as would befit your case, in word and action you are rebellious and resentful; in fact, you are so sorry for yourself that you seem incapable of being sorry for anybody else. Anyone who criticizes you is a wretch without "spark of manhood;" everyone you do not like should at once be thrown on the dump. Men of your kind when they are overwhelmed with disaster brought about by themselves think that all the world is wrong, while they are right; that their own motives are good, while the motives of other people are bad; that nothing would have happened them if the world had not been out of joint, and that no one is so depraved as policemen, courts and critics. I have seen many men sent down for serious offences, and I never yet saw one who could not account for his mishaps and misdemeanors by proving conclusively that he had been the victim of circumstances; that the whole world was against him, and he was a victim of the general tendency to kick a man when he is down. Such men have always been ready to weep over themselves, and so long as courage lasted them to glare defiance at the world. You can hardly deny that you caused terrible embarrassment, financial trouble, and heartbreak to other people as well as to yourself, and you can scarcely expect onlookers to hold their breath or newspapers to abandon their functions—unless in their own interest—and suppress an opinion for fear that you may be injured while rebuilding your fortunes and promising, at the same time to make partial amends for some of the damage you have caused. It is the business of a newspaper to make comments on public affairs; to find, if possible, the cause of disasters such as your suspension and the failure of the Atlas Loan Company; to warn other speculators and the general public against wrong methods of getting rich quickly, and against the following of wrong policies which are sure to end in woe.

You evidently do not take this view of a newspaper's function. Apparently strong in the belief that you cannot and did not do any wrong, you impugn my motives and hold me up to scorn as one seeking for "personal revenge." Your story is that you opposed my appointment as a member of the Temiskaming Railway Commission and prevented me from receiving an appointment on that board, hence my animus. Unconsciously your egotism puts the Provincial Government in a rather uncomfortable place. If you were so powerful with the Government that you could prevent an appointment, or force the abandonment of one that had seemed satisfactory, you also must have been sufficiently mighty to cause other appointments to be made, and in effect you must have been in a position, if you tell the tale right, to select the board, and it certainly should have been called the Ames Commission. Of course you were president of the Board of Trade and were supposed to be a great financial magnate, but it is not very kind of you to treat your political friends to an exposure of how you ran things with a high hand when you were rich and great (?). Personally the appointment was a matter of trivial moment, though I shall take an opportunity at some other time to explain exactly why and how I felt I could be useful in the position spoken of, out of which you so blandly claim to have elbowed me. I was well aware of your gratuitous interference, and I dropped into your office to ask you if I had been correctly informed. You confessed to your position because it was quite impossible for you to make successful denial, even if you had wished to do so. You admit that I thanked you for your candor, and you assured me, as you do in your letter, that you had "no objection" to me on "personal grounds," but "did not consider me seriously as a business man," but, to avoid the appearance of a

political job (?), must oppose me "in the public interest." You are perhaps not aware that you spoke of yourself with such stupendous egotism that I could hardly keep a straight face, and when you called in my office shortly afterwards I was given a sort of apologetic talk and another dissertation with regard to the phenomenal success you had made of your life by regarding your business "seriously"—that otherwise you might have remained "nothing but a mere broker." However, this personal element is of no importance to the public, and I will forego what would be a rather amusing description of your words and attitudes. I can assure you that I was not angry, except when you said that you "would make it up to me some other way." Your belief in the power of your money pretty nearly reached the limit in that case, as it did when you were addressing the men at a midnight meeting during the last street car strike, when you told the strikers that you had engaged in prayer before coming to them, that the trouble might be settled. Fearing, evidently, that your prayer might not have been quite sufficient, you will doubtless remember that you offered to give them \$10,000 cash besides. So it would appear that you always believed, when you had the stock market by the neck, in having a little wad ready or some favors to promise when you were endeavoring to work "in the public interest."

As I happened to have been in Toronto in business in fairly large way before you drifted into the town, and have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, never had a note go to protest nor a cheque dishonored, I rather thought that I had taken business with reasonable "seriousness." But as you objected to me for not being a business man, I hope you won't consider me rude in suggesting that there are several thousands of people who strongly object to you on the same ground—that according to your own code you are quite unfit to be on the Temiskaming Commission. If you had

000? Did you impugn their motives because when with a cash or paper capital of \$1,000,000 you were swinging \$19,000,000 of speculative business, they told you to unload? Were the tears shed by the depositors of about \$400,000 in your savings bank, "crocodile tears," such as you accuse me of shedding over the poor? Did the anger of the victims of the Atlas Loan "deepen into a desire for revenge" because your partner Wallace had poured so much of their money into stock gambling transactions engineered by your firm? or am I to blame for that as well? Did those who were dealing with you and had their money or securities locked up by your mad race to get suddenly rich, in their anxiety and their grief blame you or me? You should have heard some of these people when you met them and discussed you and your schemes; you would have found it interesting. When your firm suspended and my old friends and neighbors in my native county were immediately afterwards thrown into the deepest consternation and misery by the failure of the Atlas Loan, of which your late partner, Mr. Wallace, was president, I, with thousands of others, recognized that you were no Napoleon of finance, but merely an egoist who had been attempting that for which he had too small a head, something indeed which he would not have attempted had he even had a large heart. You waded into deep water and you pulled many others with you who had no notion when they entrusted their funds to your firm that they were being given high interest because they were taking unusual risks. If they had known that their money was going into stock speculation, can you honestly assert that it would have been left with you for twenty-four hours? They were no doubt misled by your professions and your exhibitions of wealth; and, by the way, if your professions had been less lofty and your performances had averaged a little better you would not cut such a conspicuous and sorry figure on the down grade. You say, "I

I think, however, that I am serious enough to feel genuine sympathy with those who have been financially ruined or seriously injured by your inexplicable folly in believing too much in your Napoleonic genius as a financier. Probably you would see things differently if you did not have your town house and your country house to go to and a carriage to take you there. If you have "withheld no personal asset or resource" in an attempt to bring peace where you brought disaster, you are deserving of appreciation, not praise, for no one should be praised for doing so proper a thing as paying his debts. In your cynicism you sneer at me as "posing as the friend of the poor." I thank the gods I at least have never demonstrated myself as the enemy of the poor or as one who has played upon their trust.

Having tried to avoid the bringing in of any institution or person foreign to this argument, lest I might do an injury, I am yours, etc., E. E. SHEPPARD.

"FISCALITIS" is the new term applied in Great Britain to those who can think or talk of nothing but Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. The excellent speeches ofite to apprise Mr. Chamberlain and his followers of the attitude of this country. While strongly in favor of reciprocal preferences, the Canadian attitude is shown to be one of caution lest we be asked to damage the prospects of our manufacturing enterprises. It seems to me that it would be wise to leave the matter where it is and to avoid any partisan controversy until a definite proposition is before the people. Almost with one accord Canadians desire some such arrangement, but we must recognize the fact that the moment we begin to quarrel amongst ourselves over details our posture will be misunderstood and great damage done to Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda.

THE alumni of Knox College at their conference on Wednesday found themselves deep in some of the mysteries of the Scriptures. Professor McCurdy took "the position that the Divine commands to slaughter innocent women and babes alleged to have been given to the Israelites, and many other incidents related in the Scriptures, were so inconsistent with his idea of God that he had to reject the narratives at least in some particular." Practically his explanation was that the tribalistic hatreds of the Israelites and their historians led them to sanctify their bloodthirsty conduct by claiming to have been ordered to do as they did by the Almighty. Commenting on the command to Saul to slay the Amalekites, Professor McCurdy said, "We cannot deliberately believe that such a command was actually given by God, the God of Hosea, Micah, Jeremiah, of Luke, John and Paul, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who made of one blood all the nations of the world, that He was the instigator of a work of extermination." Of course Professor McCurdy's position was sharply criticized, but from the very limited yet apparently painstaking report which appeared in the "News" it does not appear that any satisfactory explanation was given or that any reasonable conclusion was arrived at. Professor Caven was exceedingly inconclusive. For instance, he is quoted as saying, "If you say God never did such and such to Israel, with regard to the Canaanites, the question arises whether God is not doing similarly at the present time. Thoughtful minds need to go deeper and find a principle applying to all the terrible suffering in the history of the world."

Professor Gregg understood that Professor McCurdy was disputing the veracity of the Pentateuch and "that prevented his furthering his argument."

trolling hand was not — Falgar — could not pray to God — he did not consider — and responsible for all the mysteries involving what appear to us to be cruelties inflicted and sufferings caused in God's dealings to-day and at all times. The questions raised have troubled the minds of generation after generation of Sunday school scholars and theologians, and it hardly seems possible for a tenable position to be taken while still maintaining the verbal inspiration of the entire Bible.

HENRY BOURASSA having asserted that the Toronto Canadian Club is more separatist in its aims than the recently organized Canadian National League of Quebec, Mr. Parker, president of the Canadian Club of this city, issues a flat denial of Mr. Bourassa's assertion. I have carefully avoided any comment on the organization of the Empire Club or the attitude of the Canadian Club, believing that nothing but harm can be done by making invidious comparisons or asserting what are the exact tenets of either organization. There can be no absolute unity of purpose or solidarity of belief in clubs composed of hundreds of young men whose opinions are admittedly in a formative stage. A danger which should be avoided by thoughtful and prudent people is that of dubbing any social and literary coterie of young men as belonging to a "separatist" movement. Nothing is so likely to irritate an organization and drive it into an extreme position as continual and foundationless charges that it is saturated with this or that belief. I believe strongly in the unity of the Empire; others believe the same with more or less decided mental reservations as to the common fiscal or defence policy at all. In our hearts we are all Britishers if we except a few Fenians and half a dozen annexationists who wisely have little to say; and if certain newspapers and public speakers were to cease spreading unfounded reports as to the meaning of this organization or that, it would not take us long to settle in peace upon ground common to us all.

IT seems almost incredible and certainly is without parallel in mechanical development that the first crude device of a great public necessity like the telephone switchboard should remain unimproved for a quarter of a century with its parts all expired and its original inefficiency growing year by year more exasperating. Though the Bell Telephone Company is introducing some improvements, Toronto at least has noticed no great benefits, though each change has afforded excuse for an attempt to extort higher rates. If we are to believe the Bell people, telephone rates must increase rather than diminish with the size of the exchanges. In New York, where there are about three times as many telephones as there are here, the rate is nearly six times higher. The new system now being exhibited here and described in our news columns this week, is on an entirely different principle and promises net only relief from our present telephone troubles, but the beginning of an entirely new era in this class of communication. What can be done is being demonstrated, and the description is well worth reading.

THE English papers are full of talk and tiffs about "brain fag"—what it is, why it is, and where the mischief it is taking its victims. One man declares that there is no such thing as it is only another fancy name for the feeling of lassitude produced by an insufficiency of occupation (to put it pleasantly), and straightway a tearful article appears in the next issue of the "Daily Mail," assuring the public that brain fag is the very worst of all physical ills, for, as soon as the brain gets a fag on, you see things all wrong and life becomes as dry as the latest breakfast food. The truth of the matter probably is that some enterprising journalist, finding that the times are unexciting and the fiscal policy a topic to be shunned, has dished up our old friend, "overwork," or nervous prostration, with a relish by way of brain fag, just as the resourceful landlady rolls the hash into balls and names the revolution "croquettes." However, the people in the Mother Country are talking and writing brain fag, while the colonial readers of the resulting correspondence are beginning to believe in the complaint.

THE Winter Fair at Guelph, now being held, overtops all others of its kind. To those living in towns and cities, with the exception of Guelph itself, the importance of bringing together breeders of live stock is apt to be underestimated; indeed, the breeding of fine stock itself has by no means been recognized as the great factor it is in Canada's



THE SIEGE OF RENFREW.  
Napoleon Whitney and his "Old Guard" of purifiers on the march.

been a good business man you would not be in the difficulties you are, for you went far afield seeking opportunities of becoming suddenly rich, with the result that you became, as you admit yourself, suddenly poor, and many, many others got badly injured, and some involved in abject financial ruin and despair in the same campaign. I did not feel revengeful, nor did I criticize you nor endeavor to embarrass you; neither did I criticize the Government nor endeavor to embarrass them, because I failed to get something I desired. I was not looking for prominence in the matter, for I think that at least ten thousand people could tell you the name of the editor of this paper, while I doubt if there are more than ten men in the Province of Ontario, not connected with the Government, the Commission, or concerned in obtaining contracts, who could tell you either the names of the Temiskaming Commissioners or how many of them there are. The pay certainly was not a great temptation, and I hope I am built on a little larger plan than you would lead the public to believe. Probably you are looking at your own soul and seeing a distorted personage which you mistake for me, and it is silly for you to talk about my "desire for revenge," as if you had been in daily fear of assassination. Did you feel this sort of wild "desire for revenge" when a couple of years ago you were defeated in your candidature for the re-election of the Township of York? If not, why should you think that trifles make men bitter and revengeful, or that "ever since the day of our suspension no calumny concerning our affairs that malice could suggest has been too gross for his (my) pen?"

Aside from malice and all uncharitable and other absurd motives, how does it help your case, even if my motives were of the meanest kind? If I admit everything you say with regard to the Railway Commission, does that make you right or me wrong? It seems to me that it simply proves that you acted the part of an egoistic busybody, and instead of the public having any sympathy for you in trying to push other people off the ladder so that you might seem strikingly conspicuous in your ascent, I imagine that in the light of subsequent developments they will consider that you were altogether too fussy and might very well have minded your own business. Unless I am misinformed, I am not the only one who has undeservedly felt your elbow in his ribs; indeed, I am probably only one of several who, when you were in your plenitude of power, got sharply pushed. I confess that if you are a good type of business man I have reason to be thankful that I was built after a different pattern. As chairman of the Railway Commission your issue of Temiskaming bonds fell absolutely flat and had to be withdrawn for lack of buyers. This too, when the bonds were backed by the magnificent credit of the Province, which has always been able to borrow whatever it desired. It is imprudent for a man whose name appears to have hoodooed those bonds to become a business man.

Again, were the bankers "actuated by pique" and a "desire for personal revenge" when they met months before your suspension and practically forced you, it is said, to curtail your wildcat stock gambling to the extent of nearly \$9,000,000? Did you impugn their motives because when with a cash or paper capital of \$1,000,000 you were swinging \$19,000,000 of speculative business, they told you to unload? Were the tears shed by the depositors of about \$400,000 in your savings bank, "crocodile tears," such as you accuse me of shedding over the poor? Did the anger of the victims of the Atlas Loan "deepen into a desire for revenge" because your partner Wallace had poured so much of their money into stock gambling transactions engineered by your firm? or am I to blame for that as well? Did those who were dealing with you and had their money or securities locked up by your mad race to get suddenly rich, in their anxiety and their grief blame you or me? You should have heard some of these people when you met them and discussed you and your schemes; you would have found it interesting. When your firm suspended and my old friends and neighbors in my native county were immediately afterwards thrown into the deepest consternation and misery by the failure of the Atlas Loan, of which your late partner, Mr. Wallace, was president, I, with thousands of others, recognized that you were no Napoleon of finance, but merely an egoist who had been attempting that for which he had too small a head, something indeed which he would not have attempted had he even had a large heart. You waded into deep water and you pulled many others with you who had no notion when they entrusted their funds to your firm that they were being given high interest because they were taking unusual risks. If they had known that their money was going into stock speculation, can you honestly assert that it would have been left with you for twenty-four hours? They were no doubt misled by your professions and your exhibitions of wealth; and, by the way, if your professions had been less lofty and your performances had averaged a little better you would not cut such a conspicuous and sorry figure on the down grade. You say, "I

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agricultural progress. At the big live stock fair in Chicago, Canada made a magnificent showing and in several important classes took nearly all the prizes. Canada is being recognized as leading the New World in the production of live stock for agricultural purposes—and when we say Canada it really means Ontario. The Agricultural College of this province is second to none in the world, and while every credit must be given to the splendid class of farmers we possess, without regard to politics it is fair that we should express our appreciation of the work done by the Agricultural Department of the Government. I can very distinctly remember the ridicule that was heaped on the "theorists" and "book farmers" who laid the foundation of our excellent system, and even yet those farmers who do not take advantage of what the Government offers them in the way of assistance and instruction are apt to sneer as they grow poor following worn-out methods. Everything that has been accomplished has not been in Ontario, but with this province as the main center Manitoba and the North-West have rapidly developed magnificent herds, and the Eastern provinces, though largely following lines of their own, have also been benefited. Nothing is too good for the Canadian farmer, for he is the backbone of the Dominion. What it has cost for experimental farms and object lessons in all kinds of agricultural pursuits doubtless yields the largest dividend of any expenditure of public money made by either the Dominion or the provinces. Without in the slightest desiring to rob Guelph of her annual fair, it has been made apparent this year that that city is too small to accommodate the ever increasing number of visitors to the fair, and the show should be moved to Toronto.

THE success achieved by the Citizens' Committee in selecting candidates for the School Board is unlikely to repay the members of the committee for undertaking an arduous and thankless task. No sooner is a really good candidate captured than another good one finds reason for attempting to escape. Nevertheless, if the movement only secures the election of two or three good men who would not otherwise have become available, the committee will have done a good work. Mr. B. E. Walker set a good example in accepting nomination and remaining in the field, even though it goes against his sense of the fitness of things to be hitched tandem with a number of candidates who use cheap electioneering devices and do not hesitate to ask their friends to "plump" for them. The majority of the nominations made by the committee I think are good ones, though, as it has been suggested, it might have been much more acceptable to the public had they taken but half a dozen of the best names, or on the other hand had presented a score of acceptable candidates. The difficulties of voting under the new system, however, are so great that the nomination by the committee of a full ticket will be of great use to the electors when they mark their ballots, for they can clip out the lists and fill in the blanks in the polling-booth without any trouble. The fact that everyone is anticipating so much confusion on election day may be sufficient to induce the electors to make a study of the system and go to the booth knowing exactly what to do. It is to be hoped that it will turn out so; certainly if no preparation is made as many ballots will be spoiled as are properly marked, and it will take the returning officers all night to make up their returns.

AS it would be idle to fight the street and radial railway companies for concurrently terminating franchises while letting the city drift into the hands of an Electrical Power Trust, capable of putting the screws on Toronto when a new deal has to be made some eighteen years hence, it is pleasant to hear the enthusiastic optimism of Mr. P. W. Ellis in speaking of what can be accomplished by the Niagara Power Commission. This commission, it will be remembered, was the outcome of municipal appeals to the Legislature for rights to procure and transmit electrical power obtainable at Niagara Falls. Mr. Ellis believes that if the municipalities unite, as it is proposed they shall, the towns and cities within a radius of a hundred and twenty-five miles of Niagara Falls will effect an annual saving in power and light of \$3,000,000, a sum sufficient to pay interest at four per cent, per annum on an outlay of \$75,000,000 of capital. His estimate puts electric lighting under the new system at one quarter the present rate, and reduces the price of electrical power to one-half. The greatest benefit, however, will be the freedom of public corporations and municipalities from the monopoly of huge concerns which practically will have the people, both organized and individually, by the throat. For instance, if Toronto is not prepared with a proper power scheme when the present lease of the Toronto Hydro-Electric Scheme expires, it will be almost away from the present holders, who under various pretenses are trying to control the transmission of electric energy from Niagara Falls to this city. Bearing this in mind, and believing that Mr. Ellis is quite within the mark when he speaks of the possible reduction in rates, it is to be hoped that every civic effort will be made to uphold the hands of the Commission, already greatly strengthened by the addition to it of Mr. Ross, the well-known electrical engineer of Montreal.

PRESIDENT QUIN of the Milwaukee School Board, described in the despatches as "a prominent Roman Catholic," declared recently in an address before the Milwaukee Teachers' Association that he could not understand how Cardinal Gibbons could pronounce "the Public schools vicious." "I very much regret," said he, "this attack upon the one institution on which, in the minds of all Americans, the future welfare of the Republic rests. What could our vast heterogeneous nation be without our Public schools? It would be a nation of sectarianism and acrimonious conflict, each sect fighting for a share of the school tax. Every true American will forever oppose such a movement."

It is just "such a movement" which is perpetually going on in every country in the world where Roman Catholics, or any other sect, obtain considerable influence. Certainly it is a snare upon which politicians and governments are forever bumping in this country.



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having been a Toronto hostess for about two years, I think, but she has gained an enviable reputation for kind and generous hospitality. Her two brothers are Dr. Trow and Mr. Trow of Earl street. After the tea Mrs. Hawke gave a theater party for her fair assistants and a supper afterwards at her home, which were both most enjoyable.

Mrs. George Warren of 203 Gerrard street east has sent out cards for a tea on next Thursday afternoon from half-past four to seven. Miss Warren, who recently returned from England, is looking extremely well this winter, and was, I am told, quite the fairest of the fair at the Delamere dance on Tuesday evening.

The Temple assembly-room was a bright and festive sight on Tuesday night, when Mrs. T. D. Delamere's dance was in progress. There were any number of young older people without whom no party is complete. The dance was rather in the nature of a farewell festivity for Mrs. Bickford, mother of the hostess, and Captain Harold Bickford, both of whom leave many friends in Toronto who will miss them. Mr. and Mrs. Delamere and Miss Elsie Keefer received, and the merry dance was soon in train, and kept up until rather an advanced hour. The guests looked particularly well and so many of the first fruits of the season, the radiant debutantes, with at least one little bud (a semi-ready, as the boys call them), were at this dance that it was more than usually attractive and bright. The orchestra played on the dais, which was banked with ferns, and the musicians' gallery and many seats ranged around the ball-room with the two little cosy flirtation-rooms on either side of the dais, were used for sitting out. Supper was served in the banquet hall beside the ball-room, at quartette tables, which were attended by neat waitresses. Altogether the dance was a huge success, and adds to the not too large number of such festivities of the ante-Noel season.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie's tea on Wednesday was the occasion of the home debut of sweet Miss Nesta Mackenzie, one of the cleverest and most charming buds who has been added to the bouquet this year, and who had her first taste of social life at Mrs. Cassels' dance. The snow came, but so did the invited guests at the tea hour, and Miss Nesta, receiving with her mamma, met all her old friends and some new ones, who were lavish of good wishes for a happy season to the debutante.

On Wednesday afternoon the first meeting of the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Mrs. Land is convenor, took place in the Woman's Art Association rooms in the Confederation Life building. In spite of the snowfall, there was quite a nice and certainly most interesting meeting. Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton read a delightful paper on Chamberlain and sketched his socialist and political achievements with a few graphic strokes. I can scarcely believe a woman wrote of the great "iconoclast" without some word of his domestic life, which has been "many and varied," but Joe might be still a bachelor for all Miss Boulton said, instead of a thrice married man. Among the things Mr. Chamberlain is not afraid of, matrimony takes a front place. His rescue of Birmingham from a "city of slums" to its present attractiveness needs to be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Chamberlain's present interest to the Canadian public is perhaps the best excuse for the title of the new chapter, apart from his own engaging personality. During the meeting short definitions of some of the watchwords of his party were given by the ladies asked to say them before the company, and one very clear and well expressed was sent by an earnest Imperialist, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, who wrote from a bed of pain a most able little paper. Tea was served after the meeting, and the handsome work from Lower Canada looms which draped the lounges about the room was much admired. Several purchases have been made of the homespun for blouses, and a sweetly pretty morning wrapper might be evolved from a pair of the faint tinted tufted portieres which seem to hang fire as sellers in their proper capacity.

This afternoon Mrs. Gillespie of Avenue road and Mrs. McLeod of St. George street are giving large afternoon teas, and a bright company will dine and dance at the Hunt Club.

Last evening St. Andrew's College was en fete from half-past eight till twelve, while the Principal and Mrs. Macdonald entertained. The Male Chorus Club concert attracted a fine audience, some of whom went on to St. Andrew's.

The Halton Old Boys' reunion at the King Edward on Tuesday and the "bal poudre" at the same place on Friday are interesting their several sets. In reference to the latter event, I would ask the support of every good soul among you, as the finances of the Woman's Work Exchange need assistance, which it is hoped will be forthcoming in a liberal degree from the proceeds of this ball. The Woman's Work Exchange fills a unique place among the helpful institutions in Toronto, and many an impudent and refined girl and woman has cause to think of it with gratitude, and contemplate any chance of its discontinuance with dismay. The devoted ladies who are so interested in its peculiar mission are naturally most anxious to gain its substantial aid by their large sale of tickets for the dance, while outsiders are quite as interested to have the dance a success on artistic and amusement lines. So may it be!

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, who are paying a long-promised visit to His Honor and Lady McMillan at Government House, Winnipeg, are having a very good time in the far West. Old and new friends are there in plenty and all manner of festivities. The absentees expect to leave Winnipeg on Sunday and will be home on Tuesday.

The luncheons and teas arranged for the week of December 16th are under the direction of the following ladies: Wednesday, Mrs. Melvin-Jones; Thursday, Mrs. R. A. Smith; Friday, Mrs. MacMahon; Saturday, Mrs. J. I. Davidson. They will be served in the rooms over Michie's shop in King street and the different chaperones have secured the nicest and handsomest girls of their acquaintance to attend the tables. The whole affair is under the management of the individual members and Toronto chapters of the Daughters of the Empire. Particular stress is placed upon the afternoon teas, at which fresh short-bread, home-made plum cakes and Christmas cheer and decorations are to be the attractions. These dubious dainties remind me of a funny story I heard this morning. A good friend was distributing Christmas mince pies to her proteges at the Institute some years ago, and one boy refused to tackle such fare in early morning. "Oh, but you must eat it for luck," said the patroness. "And what's lucky about eating mince pie?" asked the little Scot. "It's lucky if it don't kill you," chimed in another.

Among jolly Toronto women, one has been much missed this season, Mrs. James Grace having been absent and her house "maison ferme." I am told that Mrs. Grace intends paying her sister, Mrs. Bacon, a visit in Ottawa. She has been in Lindsay during this fall (since returning from her summer place), where Mr. Grace, sr., is in a most precarious state of health. Mr. James Grace has been living at the King Edward since the autumn. Her Toronto friends miss Mrs. Grace very much, and hope she may be back very soon.

Captain Harold Bickford and Mrs. Bickford leave for England on Monday.

One of the six engagements was announced on Wednesday in the papers. It was that of Miss Florrie Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Fred Patterson, and Mr. Millichamp of the "St. George." For the last fortnight friends have been congratulating the happy fiance.

A woman's club, which has been quietly on the tapis for some time under the auspices of Miss Merritt, Mrs. Lionel Clark and some other equally conservative and prominent women, may shortly become an fixture of the city. The very up-to-date and progressive club of which I spoke last week is in abeyance for the present owing to the change of heart experienced by the management of the King Edward, who have reconsidered the idea of providing accommodation for the club in the hotel.

As I mentioned, the plans for the club's housing were not complete when I wrote, and did not mature as the club promoters hoped and expected. Therefore I am looking forward to some advance on the part of the committee of the first club mentioned whose aims and ideas are not so ambitious. A really good first-class woman's club would be a great boon to a great many women in Toronto.

A pretty and very popular tea was given by Mrs. Elmore Hawke (neé Trow) of Carlton street last Saturday afternoon, at which Dr. and Mrs. Hawke received together and greeted a large number of guests, both sexes being well represented and "all the doctors in town," said a girl guest, being present. Mrs. Hawke wore a red-and-green dress trimmed with white guipure lace. The house was decorated in yellow "mums" and red shaded lights, and the tea-table was in charge of Miss Lister, Miss Josie Bull, Miss Enid Worm and her cousin, Miss Doherty. Mrs. Hawke is a comparatively recent comer,

# Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

## NEW FALL GOODS

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits. Fancy Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Reception Gowns.

MILLINERY—English, French and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES—Our Glove Department is well stocked with all the latest novelties. Men's and Boys' Gloves.

CORSETS—The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

II and 13 KING STREET EAST,  
Phone—Main 888

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## Old Houses

look like new when they have passed through our hands. A thorough knowledge, born of long experience, a staff of skilled workmen, and a most carefully selected stock combine to insure results which are only seen in our work. It may cost a little more but it lasts a long time and is always pleasant to look at.

## The ELLIOTT & SON CO.

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79 King Street West.

## GOWANS KENT & CO CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world is

### Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



Sun Burst  
Pleated Skirts

We make them  
properly

Knife,  
Accordion  
Pleating.

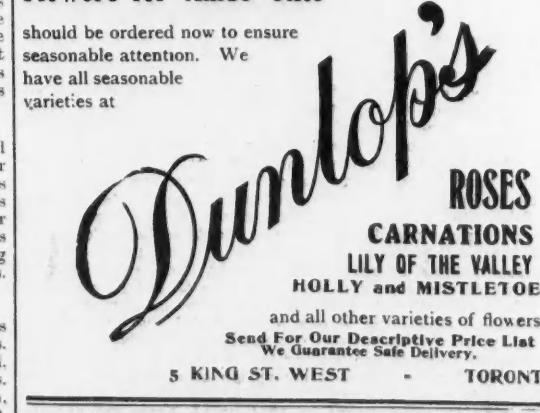
Buttons  
Covered to  
Match any  
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NOVELTY MFG.  
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46 Richmond St. West  
TORONTO  
16' Birks' Building  
MONTREAL

## Flowers for Xmas Gifts

should be ordered now to ensure  
seasonable attention. We  
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and all other varieties of flowers.  
Send for Our Descriptive Price List.  
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## A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN



A "REAL" SAFETY RAZOR

PRICE, \$2.00 EACH

This is the Real Safety Razor. You can use it right or left hand and can turn to work in less than a second, you cannot cut yourself, you need no stropping machine, it strops easier and finer than any razor. Every blade is guaranteed. We also carry them in three and five day sets neatly set in leather case.

## RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

Car. King and Victoria Streets TORONTO

**Art Cabinets.**

We have about forty-five beautiful China Cabinets in Henry, Sheraton and Chippendale designs.

These artistic productions of the brains of three of the world's most noted furniture artists have an air of distinguished repose and dignity which they impart to their surroundings.

One feels instinctively their artistic influence in an apartment.

There is an atmosphere of elegance in their presence impossible in the *bizarre* productions of hastily-manufactured, machine-constructed goods whose chief claim to notice is a clamorous display of ill-timed ornamentation.

This splendid collection of *recherche* pieces of art are decorated richly, but quietly, with inlaid woods in delicate lines.

A Corner Cabinet (Sheraton), like the illustration, is priced at \$35.00.

One in the same style of design, 43 inches long, is \$80.00.

A 52-inch Sheraton may be had for \$115, and it is a beauty.

Three magnificent Henry's are worth respectively \$100, \$150, and \$175.

Extended description of these pieces would be useless, as an adequate idea of their beauty may be had only by inspecting them.

For Dining, Drawing, Reception or Sitting rooms. These Artists' designs only in mahogany.

**John Kay, Son & Co.**

LIMITED.  
36-38 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

**Benefits of Perspiration.**

The real benefit of the Turkish Bath is from the perspiration it induces.

Perspiration carries off poisonous acids which cause rheumatism and gout.

It opens the pores and rids the system of the gripe germ, clears up the mucous passages in the head and gives that feeling of buoyancy one feels in getting rid of a cold.

Cook's Steam Room is the best equipped steam room on the continent for inducing free perspiration.

If your habits are sedentary, your health requires the Turkish Bath regularly, and you can get no better bath in America than at Cook's.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

A dainty Bill-of-Fare at all hours.

**COOK'S TURKISH BATHS**  
202-204 King Street West TORONTO**Evolution of the Telephone.**

**S**OMEONE told me the other day about a wonderful new invention. Of course wonderful new inventions in these days are not so very wonderful, but this one seemed to have possibilities in the direction of eliminating a lot of life's minor worries, the pin-pricks of business as it were.

The story of this invention appealed to me, and I think it will be good reading to at least 6,000 people in this city who use the telephone, and many more who don't but would like to and cannot because the price is just a little too high.

One of the most interesting afternoons I ever spent was in studying the fascinating workings of this really new and I believe, great invention.

Like so many other great inventions, it is really an improvement, and, like many other improvements, this one is the perfecting of a great invention as yet imperfectly worked out.

To show what I mean, let us glance at one or two inventions which, with the aid of their later improvements, have helped to revolutionize many conditions in this old world of ours.

Stephenson's first locomotive was a rickety, wheezy, shaky, ramshackle contrivance. "Puffing Billy" was a wonder in his time, but the improvements which have given us the thundering, giant Moguls, hauling trains of palaces on wheels are more wonderful.

Nearly every invention that is great has been made so by its improvements. We no longer telegraph one message one way on one wire. We telegraph around the globe in seconds, and send a dozen messages simultaneously on one wire in both directions. We light great cities with electricity; we operate intricate trolley systems effectively. We print newspapers so rapidly that the first printing presses are to-day merely curiosities of obsolescence, and so we could go down the line of nearly all great inventions and discoveries and find that the improvements upon the original inventions have given them their real greatness.

**A Lone Exception.**

There is perhaps only one great invention in general use which has not been improved upon, and which, after more than twenty-five years' use, is practically constructed and operated upon the same principle upon which it was originally designed. That is the manual switchboard of that most essential requirement of modern business, the telephone.

Strange as it may sound, the manual

every-day way, just like a printing-press or a threshing-machine. Very unlike so many great inventions that bob up with an "if" or a "but" attached to their future, this machine is now ready, for a financial consideration, to go anywhere and do, within a day or so of its arrival, the business for which it is designed and built.

It is safe to say that in all the realm of invention no great discovery has ever before been put upon the market in such a condition of perfection as the Lorimer machine telephone. Not only is the machine itself perfected, but all the special machinery for building it most economically and effectively has been worked out and built. The exact cost of building it is now a known quantity, its workability is thoroughly demonstrated, and its weaknesses have been corrected by years of study and experiment of the inventors at their own expense. There is a vast difference between the invention whose weaknesses are discovered by the user at his expense and the one whose weaknesses the inventors discover and correct at theirs.

**The Lorimer and Bell Principles Contrasted.**

The elemental principle upon which the Lorimer machine telephone is constructed is probably the only one upon which a successful mechanical Central can ever be built. Not until this principle was adopted did the Lorimer brothers themselves succeed in producing a practical machine, though they had previously tried many others and failed.

The principle is based upon the percentage of lines in actual use at a given time. Herein lies the secret of its efficiency, of its economy in construction and operation, and its huge advantage in these points over the Bell manual system.

The Bell manual switchboard must provide individual equipment for every line in the exchange, also individual batteries and other equipment in the instruments, which under the Lorimer system are entirely eliminated. On an average 90 per cent. of the vast and intricate equipment of a manual exchange is idle. Only 10 per cent. of it is constantly in use.

This 10 per cent. the Lorimer machine provides for, and so elastic is its applicability that it can readily be increased or decreased as conditions require.

The Lorimer machine provides accommodation only for the highest percentage of lines in actual use, which may vary from 3 to 30 per cent., but averages about 10.

**Installation Costs Compared.**

A manual board must be built large enough to afford individual equipment for all the subscribers who may come in years hence. A manual switchboard cannot be increased after it is built. To increase it must be destroyed utterly. When completed its cost is represented in labor and material which cannot be re-utilized.

The Lorimer machine telephone can commence business with an equipment within a hundred or less of its actual requirements. It is built in units of 100. Every time it is necessary to increase its capacity a new unit is added. No dormant capital is tied up in equipment awaiting the coming of business to some years after installation.

The larger a manual switchboard is built the greater is its proportionate cost. Its cost increases on the square. In a 5,000 exchange, with operators handling 30 lines—a very large average—each section of eighty has 5,000 jacks, with 15,000 soldered connections, or nearly a million for the whole exchange. That is why the Bell company argues that a large list of subscribers does not imply cheaper rates. It means, on the contrary, greater investment in proportion to business done, increased operating expenses, higher telephone rates.

It costs no more in proportion for a 5,000 Lorimer machine exchange than for 500. The system is increased by merely adding new sections of 100. For every section only 45 inter-connections are required, and one for each line in the section. The number of connections is in the same proportion for a 5,000 exchange as for a 500, while in the manual it increases with almost incredible rapidity.

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**Operating Expenses Contrasted.**

Operators' wages in the Bell manual system vary from \$5,200 for a 1,000 exchange to \$31,000 for a 6,000 exchange. For the Lorimer machine exchange one man looks after the whole plant in either case.

Interest on investment, depreciation and maintenance of the Bell in excess of the Lorimer machine for a 6,000 exchange is \$25,000 per year.

For a manual exchange an expensive building capable of appropriately housing a large staff of employees must be provided. The Lorimer machine has no nerves, it does not breathe, its eyesight is not affected by poor light. Any sort of place not detrimental to machinery will accommodate it. It requires only a fraction of the floor space of the manual.

**Lorimer System Assures Low Rates.**

The economy of cost of installation, the facility for extension into the world a quarter of a century ago. The same multitudinous and cumbersome system of connections, the same expensiveness of operation, the same disproportion in the cost of installing and operating larger systems as against that of smaller ones, the same old inefficiency, the same lack of secrecy. The few minor improvements which have been added have served only to increase the cost of construction and operation, while its efficiency is if anything, less than it ever was. These are facts known to and admitted by every telephone user in this city.

And who shall say, in this age of invention and incessant mechanical improvement, that the antique, original crudity of the telephone exchange cannot be improved and developed to a stage of efficiency far beyond its present unsatisfactory condition?

**A Bit of History.**

Eleven years ago a little syndicate of Bradford business men, the birthplace of the Bell telephone, was formed for the purpose of bringing into existence a successful mechanical switchboard.

It was believed it could be done, but no one at that time had the remotest idea how. Two bright young men, brothers, with a genius for mechanics and electricity, were selected and trained in the best technical schools on the continent for the sole purpose of working out this problem. It was gone about deliberately and with calculation.

And now, after eleven years, we have the Lorimer machine telephone, which to-day bears to the Bell telephone the same relation that the modern Mogul engine does to Stephenson's first locomotive.

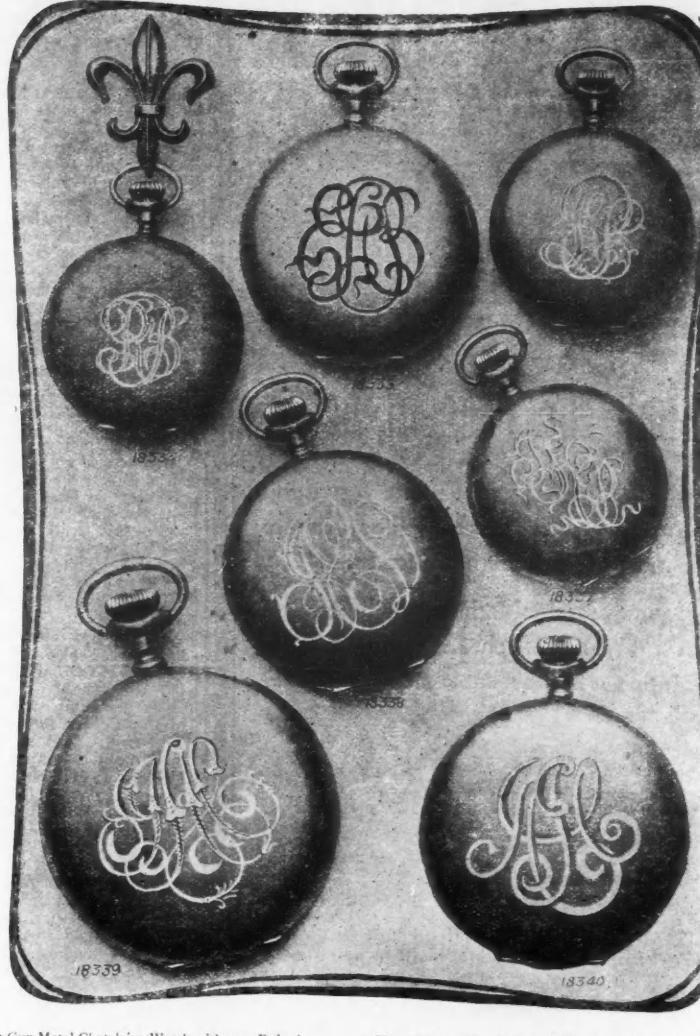
It is not the purpose of this article to tell of the vicissitudes of eleven years of alternate hope and failure and final triumph of the Lorimer brothers. Their path, compared with that of most inventors, was a bed of roses. Backed by a syndicate with plenty of means and abundant faith in ultimate success, they were freely provided with ample facilities for pursuing their work. A splendid machine shop, fully equipped, skilled assistants, sound business management and plenty of capital made the road to success comparatively certain, if not easy.

And that explains why this machine, almost unheralded, comes suddenly into public notice, a perfected apparatus, performing its functions in a matter-of-fact,

When the connection is complete the

**"RYRIE"**  
**Monogram Watches**

The quality of one of these will be prized long after the cost has been forgotten. You could not select a Xmas Gift which more perfectly combines beauty with utility.



No. 18334. Open Face Gun Metal Chatelaine Watch with any Raised Silver Monogram	\$10.00	No. 18338. 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 15-Jewel Movement	\$28.00
Same, Solid Silver, with Engraved Monogram	10.00	Same, 14k. Solid Gold, Engraved Monogram	24.00
No. 18335. 18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	42.00	Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	42.00
Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	35.00	Same, Finest 25-year Gold-Filled Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	20.00
No. 18336. 18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." Superior Grade Movement	50.00	Same, Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	35.00
No. 18337. 18k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel Movement	35.00	Same, Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	35.00
Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	30.00	Same, 14k. Heavy Solid Gold Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	30.00
Same, 25-year Gold-Filled Case	20.00	Same, Finest 25-year Gold-Filled Case, "Ryrie Bros." 16-Jewel	30.00

All but 18335 and 18338 may be ordered in Open Face at the same prices.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
Jewelers

COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS, TORONTO

subscriber himself rings the bell of the line called.

The quality of the service of the manual switchboard depends entirely upon the alertness, intelligence and willingness of the operator. In the Lorimer system only a machine which is always working yet never "busy" does the work unerringly and promptly. It makes its connections with mechanical certainty, precision, promptness and the secrecy of inanimate metal.

Instead of the tinsel cord which weakly conducts the electric current, causing breaks and chokes and that exasperating "far-off" effect to the voice, the contacts are all of tightly-fitting German silver "jacks" which conduct the current perfectly and give a clear resonant combination.

No line can be out of order longer than four seconds without that fact being discovered by that ceaselessly revolving "Decimal Indicator." When a line is found out of order a warning bell is rung, which calls the attendant to the spot.

It is impossible for a subscriber to get any other number than the one he calls; it is likewise impossible for a third person at Central to overhear a conversation.

All the electric current for the talking, ringing and calling circuits is generated at the central exchange. There are no batteries or generators in the subscribers' phones to dry up and become weak or to get out of order.

The Lorimer machine assures towns and villages of an all-night service because the batteries which operate the lines are sufficient to furnish the small power required to run the machine. It requires one horse-power to drive ten sections for 1,000 subscribers.

**An Art Criticism.**

The subscriber sets the dial on his instrument at the number required, pulls down the lever at the side and waits till it returns to its original position, about eight or ten seconds. He is then ready to ring the called line by pressing a push-button on the face of the telephone, and to continue doing so till he is answered. Simple, isn't it? And not a human ear but the person talked to will hear the conversation! Nothing but an inanimate mass of metal between the speakers—no cutting in, no officious enquiry of "Finished? Finished?" no cutting out before the conversation is completed, no waiting for Central to answer the ring, no exasperating wait for Central to re-ring the called line when it does not answer.

If the line called is busy there will be silence. That is the "busy" answer. If the line is not busy the vibration of the bell on the called line is distinctly audible, and that tells that the connection is complete and the line called is available. No line can be connected with a busy line. When a line is busy a magnet prevents any other connection being made.

When a conversation is completed all connections in Central are instantaneous off by the action of hanging up the receiver and a new one can be rung in instantly. When contrasted with the difficulty of getting a manual Central for

a new number, after ringing off, this advantage alone is considerable. A dozen consecutive calls can be rung in on the Lorimer in the time one ordinarily can get three from the manual Central.

If a called line is busy the dial can be left set for his number, thus obviating the delay by forgetting the number in the interim.

Timid householders may set the number of the fire-hall or police station before retiring and get instant connection if desired. In case of illness in the family the same may be done with the doctor's number. This would not prevent the subscriber's line being rung up at any time.

In these days of the festive strike the Lorimer machine telephone goes calmly on its way. It belongs to no union, has no walking delegate. Its hours are twenty-four per day and seven days per week.

The outside construction or wiring for the Lorimer is the same as for the manual. In this respect there is little need for improvement, as the quality of the service depends almost entirely upon the quality of material used.

The Canadian Machine Telephone Company have a 200 exchange set up at the White Swan Mills, Old Upper Canada College Grounds, where it can be seen above.

The company have a fine new factory nearly complete and ready for occupancy in January, at Old Upper Canada College, where they will manufacture the machines for sale.

BRUCE.

**A Question of Sex.**

*Her face was painted, for she was a woman up to date. She had it done by one who knew just how to decorate.*

*In truth, it was a work of art, each color was in place. She asked her beautician: "How do you like my face?"*

*He raised her pinkly painted chin to get a better view. Then said: "It's very pretty, but it*



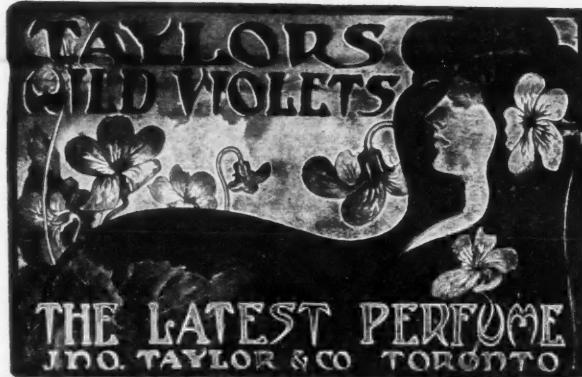
## What Shall the Present be?

Christmas is near enough to make you think of it seriously. Can you think of anything in more perfect taste or more acceptable than nice Furs?

Be sure of your store. Nothing could be more execrable than a present of cheap, ill-made Furs. Where will you find a more reliable store than this?

Seal Jackets, \$175.00 to	\$300.00
Persian Lamb Jackets, \$100.00 to	225.00
Electric Seal jackets, \$35.00 to	85.00
Fur lined Coats, \$30.00 to	150.00
Fur lined Capes, \$12.00 to	50.00
Mink Sets, \$22.50 to	200.00
Alaska Sable Sets, \$18.00 to	50.00
Western Sable Sets, \$12.50 to	25.00
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, \$7.00 to	\$15.00
Men's Persian Lamb Gauntlets, \$13.50 to	18.00

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.  
84-86 Yonge Street



### ROGERS' CHRISTMAS HINTS.



## Fancy Cabinets

Many years of experience in the building of Cabinets enables us this season to offer some quite exceptional values in that line.

The handsome piece illustrated above is built of solid Mahogany, and combines a dainty and graceful appearance with great strength. Bent glass sides and a bent glass doorenclose a plush covered bottom, two plate glass shelves and a plate mirror back. The decorations consist of floral paintings executed on the wood by a clever young Toronto lady artist, numerous coats of polish afterwards applied preserving them from wear or fading.

Our prices on these Cabinets are much lower than other dealers can quote for similar goods, simply because they must import and pay duty while we make and are satisfied with a modest profit on the cost of production.

**\$40.00 to \$80.00**

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.  
LIMITED  
97 YONGE STREET

Mrs. Highmore (at the opera)—Isn't she grand? What wonderful technique! Mrs. Gaswell—Ye-es, but it looks as if it pinched her about the waist, don't you think?—Chicago "Tribune."

"Do you drink?" inquired the young woman's mother. The young man hesitated. "Do you drink?" the lady repeated. "If you insist," replied the modest young man.—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

## LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THE green-hand sat awestruck before six new books, some uncut, all in their shielding wrappers, and each bearing within the cover the usual publisher's request for a "marked copy" of the notice given in the paper, for which the green-hand was to write them. A person who probably didn't mean to be rude said to me the other day: "Reviews? Oh, we all know you don't write them. You either quote from a stock criticism supplied by the publisher, or you give some half-starved, poor person a dollar or two to write 'em up." I rather resented the remark of friend Cook-sure, and I only wished the green-hand had been there to wither with just wrath his absurd assurance. The green-hand hadn't many dollars, but would willingly have given one or more to even poor person who would have supplied a few hints. However, the notices had to be written, and first of all, the books had to be read. The green-hand started valiantly in at the first chapter of a stupid, involved, badly-worked-out novel, by two authors, neither of whom seemed quite awake. The advance notice of the novel had said such a pair had undoubtedly produced the book of the month. The green-hand plodded on, marking a passage here and there, and while yet not a line was traced on the virgin copy-paper, noon-hour rang out over the chimney-tops. No one but a green-hand would have imagined that those six books had to be read! But even the green-hand knew that no six notices could possibly be written before the end of the week if such were the case. The old-hand looked in. "Coming to lunch?" was what he enquired: the green-hand turned a hungry face to him. "Can't; I've got some books to look over," said he faintly. "Oh, they don't need that stuff until to-night," remarked the old-hand. "You're tacking that bigamous thing? Isn't it a shame to waste good printer's ink on such rot? Always the same stupid, mixed-up stuff those two write." The green-hand laid down the novel with a sigh. "Glad you think so. I'll have the fun of roasting them, anyway," said he viciously. "But I've got five more, and how on earth am I going to do them in one day?" The old-hand laughed. "Come and lunch," he said gaily, "and I'll show you in a few moments afterwards." When they had lunched and smoked they ambled back to the den. The old-hand glanced over the five books. "Variety, anyhow," he remarked. "Here's this story—slang it on about Canadian author. If you don't know anything of him begin 'it is said' and make up some small yarn. That needs about two sticks." The green-hand murmured something about "the devil on two sticks!" and the old-hand nodded at him appreciatively. "Scott!" said the old-hand, "another little boy story! Couldn't I belt those kids good and hard! This boy is a trifle better. Sugar him up for the Christmas trade. No—never mind about the story, son; look at the pictures. Tell about them. Then this one is one of the far afield, open-air lot. Skin through these descriptions, get the atmosphere; it's bully! Then gush over what you're feeling. It's worth it, if only to get it off your mind. Here's a woman's book. If there's anything makes me want to chuck my job, or did make me when I had yours, it was the drivel of a woman about things she knows nothing about—men, for instance, or about things she certainly shouldn't know about, and breakfast with me." The old-hand tapped his fingers on the pretty book. "Say, quote this—it's really good. I'll turn the leaf down—never pencil a passage—just turn the leaf to point to its save's hunting up. And give this woman a fair send-off. She's been where she's talking. Leave this yarn on my desk when you go. One more—philosophical essay? Say, don't open it. Give the particulars of publication and author's name, and say they'll appeal (the essays) to the thoughtful and cultured, and should be on every library shelf. It's where they'd stay, if I had 'em! And don't you begin to read this woman's book, but praise it firmly. It's above the average." The green-hand gazed at the old-hand and at the five books strewn about. The sixth was in the hand of the speaker, who sauntered to the window and began to turn over the leaves. Then he went away, followed by a shout from the green-hand, "Bring back that book, will you? How can I quote from it?" And the old-hand called from afar, "Get along with what you have, and I'll write you one myself on this." But, of course, he never did.

The reviewer is born and afterwards re-made, unlike the poet, who stays born and unalterable. If any one department of the usual up-to-date paper gives me a pain, it's the book review column. Once in a long while the reviewer writes some sentence which results in my saying to myself, "I must get hold of that book." Once in a long while I recognize the verdict of a mind so wise, so just and so appreciative that it sells the book on sight. Reviewers have a list of stock phrases, and then, they have their particular poses. There is the flippant reviewer, and the pedantic reviewer, and the discursive reviewer, and the iron-bound "sell-or-die" reviewer, to whom all is worthy and lovely, and the reviewer who has the "sample" madness and pads up his columns with sections torn, gory and bleeding, or desiccated and dusty, from the passion or the stupidity of his victim, and there is the superior reviewer and the confidential reviewer, and the simply tiresome reviewer, and half a dozen more, enthusiastic or bored, as is their pose and temper. And now and then each strikes his good work and forgets all but the fact that there are persons who may read his reviews and expect information neatly and gracefully handed out, not of how learned he is, nor what a hurry he is in, nor how big a fake he is, but just about the books he is paid to read and write of, for their guidance and entertainment. The perfect reviewer should have knowledge, data, comparison, sympathy, appreciation, judgment, intuition, patience, alertness, humor, experience, and great, but not foolish, good-will, to do his work as we need it done, and small wonder that he is as scarce almost as the reader who really knows his value.

The play of color is constantly changing. Dullness and brilliancy succeed each other with the regularity of atmospheric variations, moderate warmth having a distinct illuminating effect, while much heat is capable of robbing the stone of all its beauty by drying the moisture contained in the minute cells.

It is a curious fact, too, that there are vapors emitted from the human body in certain diseased conditions that are capable of rendering the stone dull and



## Beauty of Form

is superior to beauty of face, so that the possession of a good figure is desirable. A tightly laced waist, however, throws the hips and shoulders out of proportion, making the lines abrupt and sharp. Many ladies, realizing this fact, have adopted a more symmetrical form of dress,

### "Venus Air Form" Corset Cover

a garment not only hygienic but light, buoyant and highly elastic, which readily adapts itself to the figure and gives nature a chance to develop. The "Venus" can be boned to support the figure so that the injurious corset can be dispensed with, or a loose corset (illustrated here) may be worn beneath.

You can buy the "Venus Air Form" Corset Cover from us, wear it for two weeks, and if not entirely satisfied, return it and we refund your money. Write or telephone us and our Demonstrator will call at your residence.



Actual photograph of figure before being equipped with our Venus Air Form Corset Cover.

A. E. Rea & Co., Limited, 20 and 22 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Remember when you want SUNBURST or ACCORDION PLEATING this is the place to come.

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**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**  
The most Extensive, Varied and Original Collection of Presents in the City are to be found at our **Antique Galleries**  
COMPRISING—Old Sheffield Plate Jewellery, Fine Cut Glass, Candelabras, Old China, Ornaments, Dainty Furniture, etc.

These Objects of Art Form Original Presents Highly Appreciated by all, and we invite those in search of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to pay an early visit of inspection.

**B. M. & T. JENKINS**  
BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham, England.

422-424 YONGE ST.

In a few Days You will be thinking of  
**Christmas Decorations**

Before Buying Give Us a Call

Evergreen Moss Wreathings 4c per yard.  
Holly, very fancy and fresh, in lots to suit.  
Tissue Paper Wreathings, 4 colors, 10 yard bundle 25c.  
Holly Wreaths from 50c up.  
Something New, Tissue Paper Wreaths and Stars 15c and 30c each.  
Also other decorative plants.

**A Palm**  
makes an acceptable Christmas Present  
A large assortment to choose from, ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.  
Also other decorative plants.

Be sure you leave your order early for your...  
**Christmas Tree**  
as the stock is limited. \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, in sizes to suit.

The Steele, Briggs Company, Limited.  
130 and 132 King Street East.  
Telephone Main 1982.  
Greenhouses—Queen St. East, Beach 5.

opaque. And the fading of life and fortune and the fading of theopal may be simultaneous, but the stone is the innocent victim of the condition of the wearer, not the cause of the disaster. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Anne of Geierstein" distorts the properties of the opal to heighten the uncanny element in his story, and to carry out this plot makes use of the supernatural.

To this story may be traced that "uncomfortable feeling" about an opal which people, not at all superstitious in other matters, cannot seem to shake off. If a man or a woman attempts to wear one, friends and acquaintances continually bring up the old superstition, until the uncanny stone sometimes ceases to delight. But it is time this old superstition should be sent flying after the old witch and her broomstick; for in the old days the stone was highly prized as an omen of good fortune.

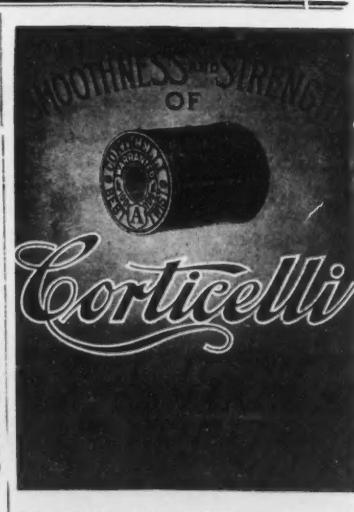
Most of the finest opals come from Hungary, but the principal vein has been exhausted lately, so that the gem in its finest variety is exceedingly rare.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

### Women and Kisses.

There are three classes of women:  
1. Women who want to be kissed.  
2. Women who do not want to be kissed.

3. Women who look as though they would like to be kissed, but won't let men kiss them.

The first men kiss, the second they do not kiss, the third they marry.



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Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraphs, and most offices of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

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LIMITED  
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada.  
Canada Life Building, Toronto.

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## Laces and Lace Neckwear SPECIALY SHOWN For Christmas

**Lace Neckwear.**  
Lace Stocks, \$1.50 to \$2.00.  
Yak Lace Collars, \$3.50 to \$5.00.  
Spanish Scarves and Fichus, \$1.75 to \$25.  
Real Lace Collars, \$1.75 to \$35.00.  
Lace Collars, \$1.00 to \$18.00.  
Lace Berthas, \$2.50 to \$15.00.  
Lace Ties, 90c to \$5.00.  
Renaissance Barbes, \$1.25.  
Chiffon Stoles and Jabots, 90c to \$3.00.

**Lace Robes.**  
Embroidered Net, \$12.00 to \$60.00.  
Sequin Trimmed, \$25.00 to \$50.00.  
Silk Applique, \$30.00 to \$50.00.  
Sequin Jackets, \$8.00 to \$15.00.  
**Orders from a distance, and requests to forward by Mail or Express are given special attention.**

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO.  
Established 1894.



The Skirt Specialty Co., 64 King Street West,  
Phone M. 3249

### THE CHOICEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

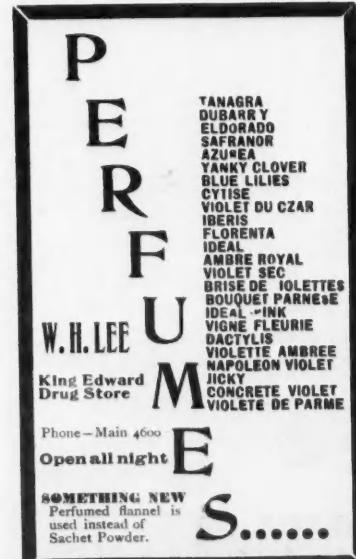
The "HOOPER" kind.  
**EBOY** — Brushes, Mirrors, Manicure Articles,  
Toilet Sets, etc.  
**NEW PERFUMES** of Rodger & Gallet, Houbigant, Piven, Pinard, Atkinson, Crown Perfumery, Colgate, Hudnut, etc., etc.  
"We have the Goods." Come and See Them.

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PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS, ETC.  
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English Chop House  
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Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open on Sundays.



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King Edward Drug Store  
Phone — Main 4000  
Open all night  
SOMETHING NEW  
Perfumed flannel is used instead of Sachet Powder.



### Notepaper as a Gift

is popular and appreciable. Ask your stationer for our handsomely embossed paper containing

**Crash Linenette**  
a great favorite. Fac-simile of linen—blue, gray and white—envelopes to match.  
The Barber & Elias Co., Limited, Toronto.

### Social and Personal.

Miss Florence Lyle Harvey has originated a unique testimonial of the interest and affection which was the reward of Miss Rhona Adair's sweet and sporty character in the shape of a pad calendar, on each leaf of which a verse, a paragraph, a sketch, a photo or some other original contribution has been placed by the Canadians to whom Miss Harvey mailed the detached leaves. It ought to give something very fetching and liable to give Miss Adair Canadaphobia. The best of it is that it's a lasting sort of pleasure. For a whole year Miss Adair will be tearing off her daily leaflet, with some loving or admiring word from some Canadian friend thereon. I hear some of the tributes are quite wonderful. The initiative is particularly admirable, and shows that the true sporting spirit is in the clever Hamiltonian, who relinquished the Canadian championship to the invisible little girl from the Emerald Isle.

One evening this week a particularly pleasant little supper party was given by a St. George street host to a number of musical and music-loving friends. After supper there were some excellent songs by Mrs. Garratt, Miss Mildred Stewart and Miss Rosabart Jaffray. Mr. Pittigott of the "Everyman" Company, whose friends remember his valuable assistance in the out-of-door play "As You Like It" on Varsity lawn last summer, sang also, and a group of songs by Mr. Blight and a fine one from Mr. Cameron, a recent arrival from England, were greatly enjoyed. Some of those who listened were Mrs. Blight, Miss Birchall, Miss Enid Wornum, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Mr. Arthur Ritchie, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. Frank Blackford and Dr. Alton Garratt.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. MacDougall of Quebec is expected this week to spend the Christmas vacation in town.

One of the delightful small events of the winter is the Saturday evening dinner-dance at the Hunt Club, which was given its initial with much eclat last Saturday. Both the dining-room proper and the club reception-room, with its cosy corners and wide hearths, were filled with tables large and small, at which a charming company enjoyed an excellent dinner, well cooked, well served and piping hot. Mr. and Mrs. Barwick had a party in the dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland a cosy little party of six in the west end of the reception-room. Mr. and Mrs. Magann also entertained in the reception-room. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill had their guests in the dining room. Other diners, numbering in all about sixty, were comfortably scattered in smaller tables here and there. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams and Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock drove out. The private car brought some of the guests home by eleven and others took the club car later on. As soon as dinner was over the tables and rugs were spirited away in short order and the piano wheeled to a coign of vantage, and to the novel and popular strains of the "Days of Old" or the "San Domingo Maid" the guests waltzed and two-stepped until it was time to say good-night. Mrs. Fisk and the Misses Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore and Mr. Alfred Beardmore were a Chudleigh party, Mrs. Beardmore looking most lovely and sweet, though not so robust as her friends could wish; with a couple of rosebuds in her soft hair and a bunch of roses nestling among the folds of her shirred black crepe de soie frock, she was a perfect picture. Major Greville-Harston brought his niece, Miss May Harston, who is a very bright and bonnie young English girl, and who was perfectly charmed with the club and the party. Some of the other guests were Major and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Miss Patteson, Miss Elsie Keeler, Mr. Osborne, Captain Des Voeux, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Captain des Voeux, Captain and Miss Elmsley, Mr. Sherwood Elmsley, Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Mrs. Chadwick (neé Kemp), Miss Charlotte Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. Downey, Mr. E. Cronyn, Mr. Drake, Mr. Laing, Mr. Ed Houston, Miss Daisy Boulton, Colonel Lessard, Miss Gladys Burton, Mr. "Feather" Aylsworth, Mr. Jack Moss, Mr. Sydney Small, Mrs. Rolleston Tate, Professor McGregor Young, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Hendrie, Colonel Field, Captain Van Straubenzee. Mrs. Greville-Harston was not well enough to accompany her niece last Saturday, and she was matronized by a friend. The club looked particularly bright and attractive when the guests were all seated at dinner, and each table was centered with flowers. Coming on Saturday, generally an off night for society events, the Hunt Club dinner-dances should be a fixed engagement with the smart coterie above.

The good times always bring many weddings, and weddings are foreshadowed by engagements, of which no less than six are now either public or private property in society. The latest up to date to be made public is Miss Gladys Buchanan's to Mr. Norman Seagram of Waterloo. Mr. Lissant Beardmore and Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal were gazetted last week from the Montreal herald, and upon all four fiances many good wishes are showered. Miss Mackenzie is a very stylish, clever and attractive girl, who has had, like her Toronto fiance, many advantages of travel and culture. I hope to add to the list of the happy couples before we go to press.

Mrs. Everard Cotes came back for another little visit to Toronto last week and was given an informal reception in the Palm Room at McConkey's on Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Authors. During the evening Mrs. Cotes read an excerpt from one of her new books, "The Imperialists," and an orchestra filled in the rest of the time, with the exception of a piano solo by Miss Caldwell. Dr. Gordon Smith, Mr. O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Vice-President Ramsay Wright, several Varsity professors and leading professional men and their better halves and many smart social lights attended the reception.

Already are the hearts of the debutantes gladdened by the holiday dance invitations which are always postponed until the various schools and colleges have given up their students for the festive season of Christmas vacation. The stalwarts from the R.M.C. will soon be with us, and their advent is always the signal for various jolly times.

A suggestion for the bal poudre is a debutante's lancer, in which each girl should have as partner a youth clad in court dress, not such a difficult thing to compass, with plenty of time to order a seemly pair of knee breeches, silk stockings and paste buckles on the shoes. The young folks of to-day don't enter into the fun of dressing up as keenly as they did in the "days of old." A woman says it's due to the materialism and commercialism of the present hour. "Imagination had some play in the days of old," sang Raymond Hitchcock in his inimitable droll way, as the Yankee Consul. The young woman of to-day, with her sturdy and matter-of-fact tone, has lost some of

### TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

#### O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

The best cannot be too good, especially if you are sick.  
Leading doctors all over Canada pronounce O'Keeffe's the best Liquid Extract of Malt made. If you are run down and need a tonic, try a few bottles. It will surely do you good.  
Price 25c. per bottle; 25c. per dozen allowed for the empty bottles when returned.

Refuse all substitutes said to be just as good.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist,  
General Agent, TORONTO

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(Made in England)  
SUPPLIES THE MODERN METHOD

**FREE** If you have not used MAYPOLE SOAP, cut out and send us this ad. and we will send you a cake of any color with book on Home Dyeing  
CANADIAN DEPOT 8 PLACE ROYALE, MONTREAL

### Dyes Any Material Any Color

One trial is sufficient to convince anyone of the superiority of the method of Home-Dyeing. The process is simple and safe (which cleanses and dyes at one operation). It imparts colors remarkable for purity, evenness, fastness and beauty. It may be used without previous experience with permanent results. No mess or dirt in connection with its use.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere  
10 lbs. for \$1.00  
10 lbs. for \$1.00  
10 lbs. for \$1.00  
Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, Montreal

**FREE**

### ...Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,  
Yonge and Carleton Streets.

### Opera Glasses

comprising our stock are from the most celebrated makers.

We have different styles in pearl inlaid in black.  
**PRICES RIGHT..**

### The Culverhouse Optical Company

Phone—Main 4556 Limited  
72 YONGE ST., TORONTO

### The ... Christmas Book Shop

**The Bain Book  
and Stationery  
Company**  
96  
Yonge  
Street  
Carries in stock

### Books and Stationery

that an up-to-date Book  
Store should have.

### Xmas Shopping Do it NOW!

96 YONGE  
STREET

leaves, was loaded with a good deal more than poinsettias (which Dunlop had massed in a mound in the center and strewn among the goodies everywhere), and the maids in waiting being both pretty and beguiling, many a woman lost her appetite for dinner. Miss Tate was assisted by Miss Beatrice Sprague, Miss Keating, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Egerton Ryerson, Miss Harman, Miss Rosamund and the Misses and Master Shoensberger, a busy trio of juveniles who were both alert and speedy in attentions to the ladies. Miss Dennis of Cobourg, who made her debut last month, was with her chaperone, Mrs. Baldwin. Miss Winslow of New York was with Mrs. Hodges. A pictress and handsewn downer was Mrs. de Weber, who is at Iver Holm, as usual, for the winter. Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakeside was also at this tea, and one of the much-surrounded callers at Government House. Mrs. Buchanan came late, and was, as she is everywhere, overwhelmed with regrets that she may soon leave Toronto, a city where she and the jolly colonel are prime favorites. As at Mrs. Crowther's tea, the smartness and chic of the guests was marked, and there was some of the sweetest music I have heard this season from an orchestra during the reception.

The Patti concert tempted out one of those mammoth audiences which are not "all Toronto," but draw from many towns and cities in Ontario as well. The diva was radiant in pale pink and crystal. Diamonds—but everyone knows the Patti parure. The Patti voice has still its middle register in working order,

### Crompton Corsets

Embody every practical feature of the highest grade Parisian Corsets. They are the culmination of the highest art in corset construction.

### Styles "505" and "707"

fill every requirement of the smartest dressers. These beautiful new corsets may be seen at all the leading Dry Goods Stores. Ask for the Crompton New Models.



### GOOD CHEER and GOOD LOOKS

Christmas is closely associated with the former, and Pember's Hair Dressers have much to do with the latter. Therefore, Christmas and Pember's are closely related.

### THE PEMBER STORE

offers exceptional attractions at this gift giving season for a more exquisite assortment of stylish and becoming Switchback Bandeau hats than anything you can think of in Hair Goods and Ornament of the better sort such as you will feel proud to wear, and prepared to present as a gift.

Toilet Ads., Hair Preparations, Hair Dressing, etc., are familiar with us. We are ready to prepare you for our Pember's if you intend going.

### THE PEMBER STORE

127-129 Yonge Street, Toronto

### Caterers

For Weddings, Banquets, Receptions, and all classes of entertainments in town or country.

Catalogue Free.

447 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

### Giving

at Christmas time is a trying ordeal; it is made easier by being able to save from 10 to 20 per cent.

**JEWELRY PARLORS**  
**JAMES D. BAILEY.**  
75 YONGE, N.E. COR. KING  
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### BEAUTY SPECIALISTS



MISS LUCE

Late of New York.

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Toronto, Canada. Consultation free.

### REGULAR USE OF SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

### MEANS WHOLE HEALTH THE WHOLE TIME

EVEN A TRIAL MAKES  
YOU FEEL BETTER

GROCERS

glory be! and Patti still skips on and off the stage like a little girl, bless her! And, should she not be able to finally tear herself away without another fare well, we can stand it, even we who have heard her sing for forty years, or sometimes longer. A Patti farewell has glorified the hot poloi for years and years, and so long as note remains Patti may present it and we won't protest it.

The Patti concert tempted out one of those mammoth audiences which are not "all Toronto," but draw from many towns and cities in Ontario as well. The diva was radiant in pale pink and crystal. Diamonds—but everyone knows the Patti parure. The Patti voice has still its middle register in working order,

Special attention given to the engraving of Dies and Copper Plates. The newest styles in Stationery and Cards.

MISS E. PORTER  
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE  
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L. A. STACKHOUSE  
MANICURING and CHIROPRACTY

For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, bunions, ingrown nails, and all foot troubles immediately treated. Telephone for appointment Main 2063  
106 KING ST. WEST (Opposite Palace Theatre)



### **Michie's Merry Crackers**

will carry more genuine amusement into the Christmas festivities than any single feature you can devise.

There are literally hundreds to choose from; divided into three general classes:—

#### **From 15c to 45c box**

Pretty little Crackers for the Xmas Tree, containing little paper hats, caps, miniature toys, jewels and puzzles.

#### **From 50c to \$1.00 box**

as one dozen Crackers in a box—same as cheaper boxes—but larger, handsomer crackers with a greater variety of amusing contents.

#### **From \$1.00 box upwards**

Large, beautiful and suitable for adults, parties, dinners, dances and table decoration, introducing joyous amusement and spreading good humor everywhere.

12 crackers in a box.

### **Groceries**

have their daily claim upon the attention of the house-keeper, and Christmas but emphasizes the surpassing merit of Michie's for Quality, Quantity, Variety and Value.

#### **Making the Pudding**

And the mincemeat, call for the best ingredients, almonds, raisins, peels, currants, spices, etc.

"It's from Michie's It's Good."

#### **Plum Pudding**—ready made

Franco American, Per tin. .15 .40 .75 1.00  
Gordon & Dilworth " .35 .65  
Crosse & Blackwell " .40 .75 1.25  
Christie, Brown & Co. " .25 .50

#### **Mincemeat**—ready made

Gordon & Dilworth, ... Per Jar .60 and 1.00  
Gotham " .50 and 0.90  
Crosse & Blackwell, ... Per tin 0.35  
Domestic, 5lb. tin 0.65  
" Per bot. 0.30

#### **Sundry Suggestions**

Almond Paste, ... lb. tin .40  
Preserved Roses, ... bot. .75  
California Preserved Figs, ... tin .15 .25 and .45  
Lychee Nuts from China, box 1.00  
Franco-American Baskets—  
containing an assortment of their products 1.35

### **Michie's Confectionery**

department is overflowing with tempting novelties, and among those not already mentioned are

#### **Candies**

Of which there is a very wide choice of variety and prices—with the stamp of goodness on everything.  
**Special Christmas Mixture, 25c. lb.**

#### **Candle Shades**

Of which we show the largest and most exclusive assortment in Canada.

#### **Paper Novelties**

Such as Entree Cases, in many pretty styles, paper mats and doilies, piedish collars, ham and cutlet frills—candle and electric shades.

**The Christmas features of Michie's Confectionery department are the mirth-making Crackers and the Santa Claus Stockings.**

# **Michie & Co.**

ESTABLISHED 1835

7 King Street West, :: Toronto.

Four Direct Telephones.

### **Santa Claus Stockings**

filled with toys, are by common consent the most popular gifts for children, and no present costing so little will give a little child so much pleasure.

The stockings are made of net, some being filled specially for girls, and some for boys, with little Toys of every description, and they save you all the trouble of selection.

We have them in seven sizes, and have thousands of them, imported direct from the makers in England:

No.	1.....each	.10	dozen	1.00
" 2....."	.20			2.00
" 3....."	.40			4.25
" 4....."	.60			6.50
" 5....."	.75			8.00
" 6....."	1.00			10.50
" 7....."	2.00			

### **For Dessert**

The following list will convey some suggestions of the tempting assortment of delicacies, at Michie's:

Choice selected figs, lb....	.20	.25	and	.30
Locum (pulled) figs, box.....	1.25	and	1.50	
Cresca figs and dates, bskt..	.35	and	.70	
Elite stuffed dates, box.....	.40			
Superior preserved ginger, jar ..	.30	.65	and	.90
Mandarin glace ginger, tin ..	.75			
Crystallized ginger chips, tin..	.25			
Selected Valencia almonds, lb..	.30	and	.35	
Fine Malaga raisins, lb.....	.25	to	.45	
French plums in 2lb pots, pot ..	.90	and	1.00	
Carlsbad (stuffed) plums, box ..	.65	and	.75	
Fancy Shortbread, tin.....	.30	and	.45	
Hunley & Palmer's Biscuits, 22 kinds mixed for dessert, lb ..	.35			
Hunley & Palmer's Cakes, Christmas fruit cake, each ..				1.00
Mixed nuts, including walnuts, almonds, Brazil, filberts, pecans, hickorys, lb ..				.15
Turkish Delight, from Constantinople, lb.....				.30

*Michie's Limerick Sausages make a perfect dressing for the Christmas Turkey.*

### **Fancy Boxes and Baskets**

filled with high-grade chocolate creams, bonbons and other confections will never lose their popularity as Christmas favors.

#### **Boxes**

In profusion made up in the form of pianos, desks, safes, slippers, footballs, cameras, etc., an enormous and beautiful assortment. From 10c. upwards.

#### **Baskets**

From tiny little things for the smallest Christmas Trees up to handsome satin-lined ladies' work baskets, not only beautiful, but durable and useful.

#### **Christmas Tree Novelties**

Include a host of little things such as candles, cornucopias, globes, tinsel, stockings, crackers, and the complete furnishings of the tree.

## The Christmas Piano

Many Toronto homes are to welcome new pianos this Christmas. To some it will be a delightful surprise. To many more it will be the fulfillment of long expectations and perhaps some thrifty financing. A piano is the supreme Christmas gift, because it brings year-in-and-year-out pleasure to every member of the family. But after having decided that a piano is to be purchased, there is the greatest question of all to decide:

### Which Piano Shall it be?

Now when you have a lawsuit on your hands, do you consult a plumber? Of course not—you advise with your lawyer—for he's expert in the law. When you purchase a piano should you accept the advice of a blacksmith? Certainly not—but you might take the advice of piano experts.

### ...We Are Piano Experts...

And in advising you to visit our warerooms before purchasing, we advise you to do just what we have done ourselves: Compare. Though we are piano manufacturers we are piano choosers. We have done the thinking and picked only pianos whose reputation for musical tone, durability and superior construction in every detail are beyond dispute. It is easy for you to make intelligent comparison here. Among the many we show are:

#### Knabe Pianos

The more closely you investigate the more clearly you demonstrate their peerless character.

#### Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Loved by every owner, admired by every hearer for their delicious tone-quality.

#### Gourlay Pianos

Distinctly artistic creations; in excellence our highest attainment. Already a favorite with every musician.

#### Mendelssohn Pianos

Pianos of sterling merit. You pay no more than they are worth, and they are really worth more than you pay.

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## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.



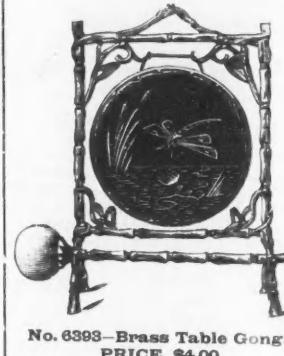
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It was about the time of the Stuart restoration that the Puritans objected to the baiting of animals. Macaulay suggests that it was not so much because it gave pain to the animals as because it gave pleasure to the spectators. In our day we have still further improved in these matters, because the contestants in our fighting spectacles are men and not animals. The men enter them of their own free will; the animals were often prodded there with red-hot irons. Thus we have improved on ancient Rome and on modern Spain.

When those towering gladiators their locks hanging over their eyes like shaggy beasts, glower at their opponents and strike suddenly and slowly at the command of the referee—these are the glorious moments of the football field. They are the moments when we know there is a fight. These are the times when we feel, deep down in the marrow of our bones, the fighting thrill of our primeval ancestors.

Open up, now—be honest—talk straight—don't you like the fighting part of football?—The "Argonaut."

#### The Czar's Nerves.

People in Darmstadt who see the Czar regularly declare that his nervousness is apparent to the most casual onlooker. He seldom speaks, and still more seldom smiles, and when driving or motoring casts furtive glances on all sides. When he is conversing with anyone, or listening to anyone's remarks, his thin fingers are never still for a moment, but are playing alternately with watch-chain, rings or sleeve-studs. It is the general opinion in Darmstadt that



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his Imperial Majesty's appearance has altered for the worse since his last visit to that place.

Mrs. Hayfork (the country post-office)

—Anything for me?" Postmaster—I

don't see nothin'". Mrs. Hayfork—I was

expectin' a letter or postcard from Aunt

Spigges tellin' what day she was comin'". Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did you see a postcard from Mrs.

Hayfork's Aunt Sally? His Wife—Yes;

she's comin' on Thursday—Postoffice "Lyne."

"Do man dat makes a business of India's fault," said Uncle Billie, "gots no occupation an' less results dan anybody else in de community"—Washington "Star."

"Some folks," said Uncle Billie, "gots credit fo' bear's lucky 'cause dey has sense; an' others gots credit fo' havin' sense 'cause dey's lucky."—Washington "Star."



## A Daughter of France

By DASHWOOD.

## PART I.

In the gray dawn of a winter morning a band of priests wended their way to an old cathedral on the hills. The great dreamy moon was bidding farewell to the sleeping city. A few pale stars shone down on the great white world, and all was still. All Paris was wrapped in a silence that was only waiting to be broken by the joyous peal of the bells that would herald the dawn of another Christmas Day. As the solemn procession moved on to the house of prayer, a man paused under the fitful light of a street lamp and looked after them. He held in his well-shaped hand an English telegram, and, as if heretofore he had been unable to grasp the meaning of its contents, held it up and read it half aloud. Surely the sound of his own ears could not deceive him. "Come at once; your father seriously injured in railway accident—no immediate danger." The message was addressed to Dr. Douglas Tremaine, 79 Rue St. Denis, Paris, and signed Roderick R. Leighford. "Just an hour until the first special leaves," mused the man. He hailed a passing cabriolet and was off.

Three days later an imposing funeral cortège was seen in one of the fashionable suburbs of London, and the remains of the Honorable Douglas Tremaine were borne to their last resting-place.

Down came the rain in ceaseless torrents. The heavy clouds of the dark sky overhead glared sullenly at each other and seemed bent on venting their fury on the busy stream of humanity that wound its way over the crowded thoroughfares. An organ-grinder played on, in soft accompaniment to the anger of the heavens, under the shelter of the arched gateway of a huge gray stone mansion, at an upper window of which stood a young girl in deep mourning, looking down on the fleet-footed Frenchmen who passed to and fro on the boulevard and listening to the melody that floated upward on the soft spring air.

The wandering musician glanced up with a grateful smile, and touched his weather-worn cap to the donor of the piece of silver he had just stowed away in an inside pocket. The smart servant man who had delivered it looked down in lofty condescension and felt inclined to command him gruffly to "move on." But two piercing brown eyes that belonged to mademoiselle were riveted upon them, and Godefroi performed his duty and returned to the house with an air of dignity that he considered befitting the station, and was due to the livery, of the first sommelier of the ancient house of Le Feuvre.

Godefroi's sparse gray hairs, that formed a stiff fringe about the bald top of his very round head, had silvered in the service of the dead master whose will had been read two days before. That same master had done well by the various members of his household, most of whom shed honest tears at his death and at the thought of the breaking-up another week would bring. The home the majority of them had known so long would be closed up, the shutters drawn and the keepers gone.

Would the old place pass into other hands, or would the heavy brass plate at the entrance be left where it had weathered the storms of years, and would Mademoiselle Valerie return after this first sharp grief had been overcome? They did not know. They only knew that the young mistress they loved was going away—going with all her beauty and her wealth and her goodness and the haughty pride they had all learned to know so well—going to the "Convent of the Rosary"—going there to study what she called her "beloved art"—going there for three long years and she "just turned eighteen!" Godefroi—and Godefroi's opinion was seldom questioned, a fact which was perhaps unexplainable, but nevertheless undisputed—agreed with them all; it was a long time to be "shut up in a place like that!" But—and Godefroi agreed with them again—a Le Feuvre was not likely to change her mind, and gossip in the servants' hall wouldn't after her decision! They had been told that when she came of age she meant to take her place in the world as her dear father would have wished her to, had he lived; that she intended, then, to join his sister in London. This, then, was the aunt whose portrait hung beside the late madame's in the master's library. This much they knew, and that was all. It was enough. Everything was arranged. They would all, in all probability, pass out of the orphan's life forever. They could only bid her farewell with aching hearts and a blessing. Shortly after, they all went forth to find other homes, and Valerie Le Feuvre took up her residence in the "Convent of the Rosary."

The young artist in whom M. Gagnon, the famous French painter, took such an interest, and whose name was likely to become a power in the world of art in the near future" (the verdict of a well-known Paris journal), was sitting on the rough, bare floor of an attic storeroom in the rambling old convent on Hubert Hill. An open chest—a large, old-fashioned box, ornamented with brass nails—was being packed with things innumerable, painting paraphernalia, books and music, with a collection of cherished treasures, upon which no eye but her own ever rested. Deft fingers lost no time in stowing away the former, relics of work—three years' hard, faithful work—for which she had been rewarded by success.

The other possessions spoke of a past that seemed, oh! so far away. One of them, carefully wrapped in chamois, was a massive brass plate with the name "Le Feuvre" richly engraved in the old French style. There was a quaint jewel-case well filled with valuable trinkets; a number of portraits—three of these were arranged together in a leather case, and the girl looked at them long and steadily; the faces of her parents—the dark, beautiful woman, who died when her daughter was only an infant, the noble-looking father, who had been everything to their only child. One other—it was one she had taken from her father's desk, one he had valued and one

flag of distress would have to be lowered and give supremacy to the provoking banner of "a nine days' wonder" for Sir Walter had left for parts unknown, and twenty-four hours later the girl he had married had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her.

## PART II.

Doctor Douglas Tremaine entered his study, tossed his hat and coat on a table that was strewn with papers and books and drew a chair up to the fire that was crackling away in the large tiled grate. The old-fashioned grandfather's clock in the outer hall struck twelve, and the man jumped up suddenly, left his sanctum and mounted a broad, winding staircase, three steps at a time.

He tapped on a heavy oaken door that stood partly open, and in answer to a low "Come in, Douglas," found himself in a large, cosy-looking apartment, his invalid mother's special domain. The only light in the room was that shed by a shaded candle that stood on a small pedestal at the bedside of Mrs. Tremaine.

"Hello, mother mine, how goes it?" the young man asked cheerily.

"Better to-night, dear; better to-night," the mother murmured. Then, "And what of you, Douglas?" she enquired anxiously.

The haggard face of the man was not discernible in the dim light, and he gave some comforting, off-hand response that satisfied the sufferer, walked over to the far side of the room, saw that windows and blinds were arranged as usual for the night, performed half a dozen trifling offices for the cherished little mother who adored him, and blew out the flickering candle that was always left lit until he had paid his nocturnal visit. The good-night kiss was exchanged, and the man of the world went back to his "den."

Douglas Tremaine, senior, able lawyer, clever statesman as he was, at his death left, comparatively speaking, little or nothing to his only son. All the bonds that had been placed to his credit, all the thousands he had owned, had been swallowed up by numerous investments that had failed. Wall street had been to him what whiskey had been to his father before him, and when his affairs were investigated it was found that, outside of the old family home, "Wildfield Place" which was heavily mortgaged, there was nothing remaining for the widow and child but a series of debts. The son, assuming responsibility, at once proceeded to liquidate all liabilities, and now, seven years later, found himself a rich man. But the interval had, unknown to his mother, brought its own disappointment to this young scion of nobility.

Neither Wall street nor whiskey held Douglas Tremaine a victim. It was only the old, old story. This man, like many another, seemingly able to resist anything, even temptation, suddenly found himself falling from the tower of strength that had appeared impalable.

As he looked down into his mother's soft blue eyes and listened to her low, silvery voice that night, for one brief moment he felt tempted to confide in her. His heart cried out for sympathy, some tangible human sympathy. Only for a moment—the impulse was smothered and the man, alone again, muttered, "Fool! fool!" lighted a cigar, stretched himself on the Turkish divan near the fire and watched the smoke curl upwards. Only the reveries of a bachelor. The glowing coals sparked away, the huge St. Bernard chained outside in his kennel gave a low growl; the soft light of the moon shone through the colored glass of the fanlights; the chill November wind whistled around the corners, the trees, with their almost leafless branches, taking up the echoes.

The man gazed at the fire, knocked the ashes from his cigar, shivered and sighed.

Looking at him in the dim light of the study, one might have imagined Douglas Tremaine a much older man than he really was. The silver threads in his dark—almost black—hair seemed to glister and be more noticeable than usual;

the well-knit figure in that abandon lost its look of buoyancy, but the broad shoulders were square as ever, and looked able to bear any burden that might fall upon their owner. Six feet of humanity, a solid and, moreover, noble, specimen of manhood, from the shapely chest that crossed each other in careless grace to the well-formed head, over which only thirty summers had passed.

The tiny French clock on the mantel ticked away with its ceaseless monotony.

The sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravel outside reached the man, who proceeded to, in his own phraseology, "pull himself together."

Tossing the remnant of a second cigar into the fire, he arranged the heavy brass fender to his seeming satisfaction, snatched up a cap and a riding crop and—was gone.

Three months later, like a bolt from the blue, a scandal was heralded in the ranks of London society. Constan-tion ran riot at its breakfast tables. Papers were ringing with "the news!"

It was noised abroad that Sir Walter Ashcroft—the lordly Sir Walter—was

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One dear friend whispered to another

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For every lump of sugar dropped into dainty cups there was an extra morsel of gossip digested by the versatile minds of the London elect. Little white hands (and big ones, too, for the matter of that) were thrown up with gestures of holy horror—bright eyes dashed with righteous indignation, and dull ones lowered their lashes, as if unable to look such facts in the face. They had been blinded, fooled, duped. To think of the villainy they had been cherishing in their midst! It was too much—too much altogether for their superior visions! Here and there an honest orb glistered with genuine sympathy—a broad mind looked for two sides to the story, and a generous heart felt a decided twinge of regret for the doubtful aspect matters were assuming for the pair whose affairs were now the talk of all London—"their" London.

Some women there were who longed to go to the girl whose life seemed in danger of being well-nigh hopelessly darkened and stand by her in her sorrow.

Plenty of men there were who, as they sauntered in and out of their clubs, would have given much to have met the man who was accused of forgery and whose honor seemed in jeopardy, on the threshold and given her the hand of good-fellow. But the sun went down.

Not many intruded on the grief of the girl, and the man was not seen at his usual haunts. Guilty or not guilty?

Who could tell? People could talk.

There was no law against that, but the

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

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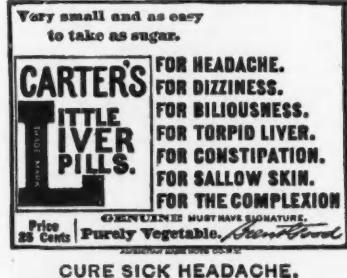
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## Henry Revived.

**H**ENRY I. was surnamed Beauclerc, which is said to be the French for "fine scholar," although his scholarship doesn't appear to us to have been so dashed fine as to warrant his making a song about it.

Henry's first act was to secure the royal treasure. From this simple little detail it is clear that although he may not have been any shakes as a scholar, he was a man of business right down to his feet. As he used to say afterwards as he sat nonchalantly on the corner of the palace billiard-table catching flies off the red, "always pinch the goods in dispute first. You can settle the question of ownership afterwards." Strictly speaking, the crown belonged to his brother Robert. But Robert was away at the Crusades having a rousing old time. He and his friends had just captured Jerusalem, and they had spent three lovely days in slaughtering seven thousand Moslems.

On the strength of his great powers as a Moslem-slaughterer, Robert woed and won a beautiful bride, and when he came back from his honeymoon, Henry was already on the throne bowing his acknowledgments to the crowd.

The prospect of having a real throne to sit on caused bad blood between these two loving brothers for a long time; and after they had gone up and down their respective neighborhoods telling scandalous tales about each other, there was no way out of it but a fearful fight. Taking advantage of the tourist ticket season, Henry crossed over to Normandy with several gallant knights all armed with a variety of sticks that look very artistic on a study wall, but are confoundingly unpleasant things to take internally.

After a good deal of slashing and ripping around the neighborhood of Tendhebri, much to the inconvenience of the inhabitants and the detriment of the crops, Henry succeeded in making Robert a prisoner. Robert was brought over to England and kept in prison till he died. The historians do not say what he died of, as it was not usual to have inquests in those days, inquests being so dashed inconvenient. Possibly some rat poison got into his soup by mistake, or he ran his head against somebody's battleaxe in the dark and passed away with a smile. Whichever way it was, however, the facts will never be known. The ancient historian may not have had the advantage of modern civilization, but when it came to covering facts up with a duster till they had ceased to be missed, he could give points even to a modern politician.

Henry not only made a good deal of trouble during his lifetime, but he made arrangements for a continuance of the same after his death. He left the crown to his only child Matilda; and so, naturally enough, as soon as there was a vacancy, Matilda walked up to the throne and sat down on it and called "order!" The barons then explained to her that they did not wish to be ruled by a queen. What they wanted was a king who would lead them in little scuffles with the neighbors, and who could push along the good fighting industry generally. Matilda's reply is not recorded by the historian, but it is generally understood to have been "Rats!" spoken in a clear, bell-like voice of authority. Just that.

Some of the language used by the barons on that occasion was really harsh, and but for the fact that we are allied to the nobility ourselves, we should speak of it with extreme severity. The trouble began, however, when Matilda turned to the Archbishop and called him a pro-Boer to his face. The Archbishop replied by calling Matilda a little Englishman, and giving her two minutes to get off the throne or be pushed off. Then somebody threw something at Matilda. During the excitement one of the barons caught hold of the throne and jerked Matilda out of it, and in the plunge she made to save herself the crown fell off and rolled under the side-board, and the Archbishop fished it out and ran off with it. Before he could get as far as the piazza-shock, however, several of the barons surrounded him, and told him that was an old dodge and that it didn't work every time. They then bowed Matilda off the premises and drew up an advertisement from the rather fragmentary remains of the "Telegraph" of the period the advertisement ran as follows: "A. J. Wanted, a competent and reliable king for a small but growing country in the north of Europe. Must be a man of regular habits and a good fighter. Wages small but certain. A permanency for a good man. If desired, no questions will be asked. Apply by letter or by battleaxe to the Manager, British Isles, N.W." And then the barons, serene in the

## About Fear.

Often comes from lack of right food. Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion, and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally."

"I tried many foods, but could not avoid the terrible nausea, followed by vomiting, that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nuts. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came, until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts, and people say I look many years younger than I really am."

"My poor old sick body has been made over, and I feel as though my head has been too. Life is worth living now, and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

This quality of humorous exaggeration

## Henry Revived.

## Waist Line Reduction



YOU need not look stouter than you are!

It isn't necessary to let a custom tailor burlesque you with a coat which has a skirt cut so full that you sail down town like a walking advertisement for a brewery.

We cut the big man's coat with longish skirt, and advise a "morning," "shooting" or frock coat, with the waist line higher than usual to give the appearance of slenderness.

You can pre-judge these effects in "Semi-ready" before purchasing and have it finished according to your own figure in two hours.

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consciousness of duty done, had the beer barrel tapped and paused for a reply.—

## Charms of The Latin Nations.

**T**HE Latin nations have remained the world's great field of idealism. The fascination and the charm they exhale naturally allure to them all that the earth holds of the amorous and the unreal, of the indefinite, of dream and tradition—all who are repelled by action and reality, action and reality comprising the essence of the strong, healthy, serious and conscientious existence of northern peoples.

The universal skepticism, the easiness of life, the tone, the manners,

the taste prevailing throughout the Latin nations make them the playground of the world. The Latin world is a feminine world. It fascinates as a woman fascinates—a woman who lures not by means of the simple, normal attraction of her sex, but through her caprices, her surprises, her illogical ways, her weakness, her effervescence of sentimentality and equivocal seductiveness. Her nature entrances because of its lack of virile, the brutal, because of its indifference, its lightness, its remoteness from stern life. This is the foundation of the charm exercised by the Latin nations. Add to all this their extreme maturity, so seductive to the youthful and the growing peoples—that perfume of full growth which like a magnet attracted the barbarian of centuries ago to the Roman Empire.

"There remains, too, the prestige of the past, one of the most tyrannical of pretences, preserving for the Latin nations the sympathy of all who feel horror or fear of the present. The breath of tradition, culture, wealth, exhaled by the Latin world invests it with the seduction inseparable from all ancient and opulent things. To the curious, to the amateur, the Latin world affords an immense field for observation and research. The charm of what is outside life, the prestige of that which belongs to the past—this is the secret of the temptation which the Latin world holds out to the other nations of our earth.

"To obtain a true and lively impression of what Latin civilization stands for in the world of to-day, the simplest experiment will suffice. Leave the Latin world and look at it from without. The idea that one instinctively derives is a revelation. From England, for instance, take a look at the affairs of France, at the aspect of her civilization, her life, her ideas, all from a general point of view and not from any point of view in particular. From this angle of vision an impression is obtained like the one resulting when Spain is looked at from the standpoint of France. And if, from the same external point of observation, a glimpse is afforded into the Latin world as a whole, the ensuing impression is of something unreal, afar, antiquated. We detect the East, the distinct but nameless perfume that is so delicious and so cloving."—Translations made for the "Literary Digest."

## What is Wit?

**W**IT may take many forms, but it resides essentially in the shock of pleasure surprised from a perception of unexpected likeness between things that differ, or unexpected difference between things that are alike. By a sudden jerk of the understanding wit connects ideas that lie far apart, as when some wit called Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, "father of chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork," or as when the witty editor of a penny paper took for his motto: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; the price of the 'Star' is only one cent."

Wit of the true Yankee variety is supposed to be characterized by a half-boastful and altogether gigantic exaggeration, as in an attempt were being made to fit it to the size of the country, its mighty rivers, sky-piercing mountains and vast plains. An Englishman once asked a Yankee what he thought of the River Thames, and received the contemptuous reply: "Why, the whole of your little river wouldn't make a garge for the mouth of the Mississippi!" It was the same kind of Yankee who, when a Swiss asked him, upon his arrival in the country from Italy, what he thought of the Alps, drawled, "Waal, now I come to think of it, I did notice some risin' ground."

This quality of humorous exaggeration

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should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

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by the reporters, you would doubtless spend your time visiting the sick."

"That's my whole idea," was the answer.

The chairman turned to his committee and held a brief consultation. Then once more facing the candidate he said:

"I'm sorry to say, sir, that you won't do. We want a man who is right up-to-date."

## Lovers of Lucre.

An American paper has published a list of "European aristocrats" who were suitors for the hand of Miss Golet. This includes five peers, all of whom have been married for a considerable time, and the eldest son of a peer, who only came of age a few weeks ago; also Prince Henri d'Orleans, who has been in his grave for several years; and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, with whom Miss Golet could only have contracted a morganatic marriage. Why the Duke of Roxburghe should be described as a "fortune-hunter" it is impossible to understand, inasmuch as his estates bring in upwards of £30,000 a year, and the personal property left by his father (besides funds in settlement) was upwards of £120,000.

## Two of a Kind.

Flapper: Why does he object to his wife going out alone in her motor-car?

Flapper: Because he can't see how one unmanageable thing can manage another.

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The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFEE, Manager.

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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**A** WOMAN's slipper is capable of holding much romance, and on an historic occasion proved equal to holding champagne. Even in childhood days the object has gentle associations that haunt the memory long after the maternal slipper has passed away with the garbage. "The Silver Slipper" is a name to arouse curiosity, and the authors of "Florodora" showed nice judgment in their choice of title for the new musical comedy that has enlivened the Princess Theater during the week. The setting is costly, yes, unto magnificence, and even after the picturesqueness of "The Yankee Consul" and the frou-frou of "The Prince of Pilsen," the Toronto beholder might sit up and say, "The richest yet!" The songs were only pretty good and no citizen who enjoys the privilege of attending a Toronto church could get a thrill from any of the soloists. But the audience quite warmed to the song, "There's a Girl Wanted There," while the magic words of "Tessie, You are the Only, Only, Only," as sung by Mr. Joseph Welsh, threw the small boys into a state of excitement, and the chorus work was lively and effective. Mr. Knox Wilson played the dear old part of a showman and "all-round fakir," possessing the resounding name, Henry Bismarck Henachs. He was the only truly funny person in the play, and produced his jokes with alacrity and neatness, scoring his greatest success as a player of the saxophone, while his performance on the concertina was not to be despised. The less familiar instrument was the favorite, and the gentleman had to play again to the accompaniment of antics that appealed to the ultra-musical. "Henry" is a cure for brain fag, neurasthenia, and other ills to which the cultured of Toronto are victims. The silver slipper, which, by the way, looks too much like lead, was fallen from Venus, and all manner of complications ensue when Stella, the girl from Venus, appears and plays the game of hunt the slipper. She turns the heads of the young men, ruffles the bosoms of the young women, and creates such havoc that it is just as well for the lady to leave. The "champagne dance" is the fizziest thing that ever came on the stage. Those six English girls, in their black gowns, with spangles and wreaths and feathers of every color of the Niagara rainbow, and their bewildering pose and pose, are the very cream of Terpsichore's band. The whirling grace of the girls from gay old London is enough to stir up Omar Khayyam himself in his Persian grave and make the dust murmur,

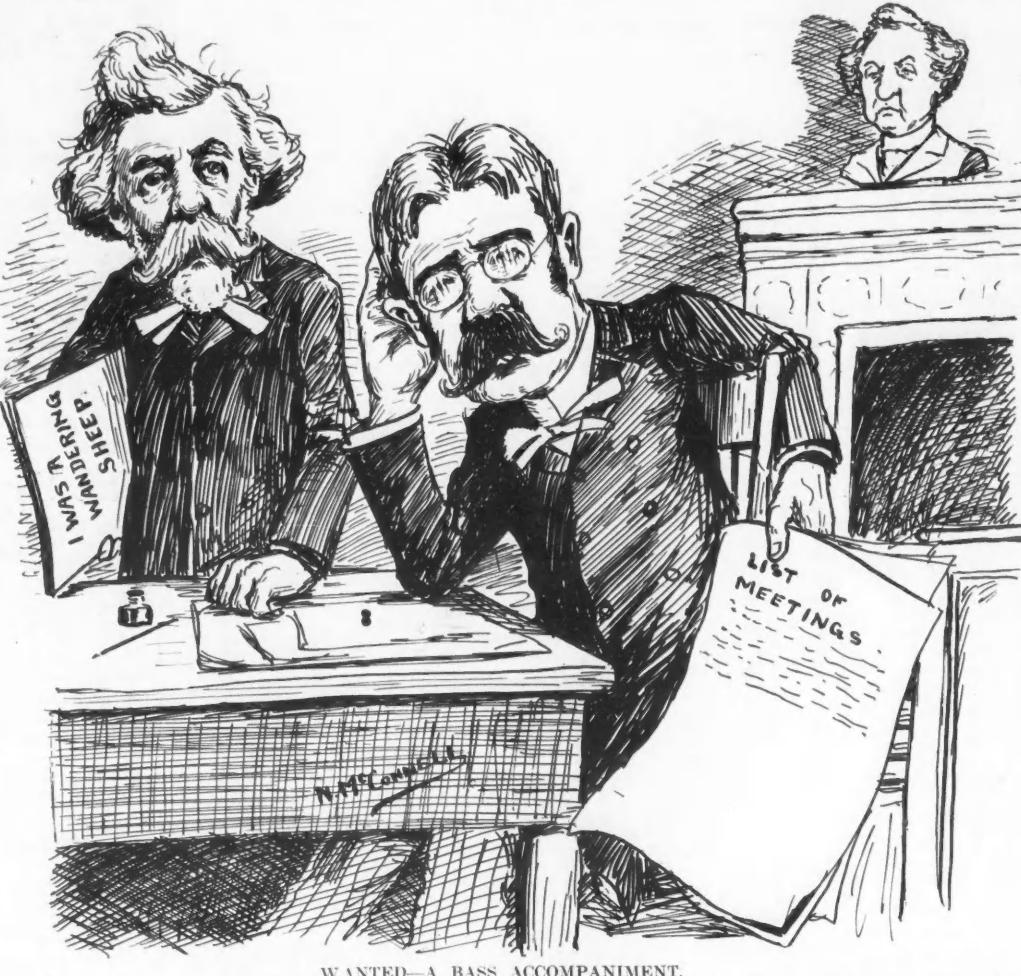
"But fill me with the old familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and by."

It was in a happy moment that the dance was named, and here's to the dancers!

Shea's is getting big crowds this week and succeeds in making them happy. The bill of attractions is a strong one. The Rosaires have a tight-wire act that seems to please the crowd. Critics say the female figure in this act is the best part of it. For a downright funny gawk, command me to Terre, who with Carleton for the wise guy gets off some very good gags and funnisms. The gawk sings a good baritone and Carleton sings something else. Louis A. Simon, Grace Gardner and some others successfully mix up a job as a husband and an engagement as coachman. Will West is a pleasing singer. There is a rollicking lit in his voice that people like. His Pickaninny song is clever and is set with a realistic piece of stage scenery. Charles Burke, Grace La Rue and the Inkey boys keep the house in good humor while Burke presents one of the best vaudeville Irish characters that has been on the local stage for some time. The Inkey boys—young ones—are clever dancers and singers. There is also a number in which cowbells, tin tubes, other bells and a varied assortment of junk metal are made to yield "toons" by the skillful manipulation of Theo. F. Smith and Miss Jenny St. George Fuller. This sort of entertainment is suggestive of a big yellow wagon, a four-horse team of greys, torchlights, burnt cork, stentorian gab and wizard oil. The act didn't catch on to any extent till Miss Fuller sang comfortably to the strains of a golden (literally) harp and then the audience couldn't get enough of her. Every youngster in town should see Dewitt, Burns and Torrance in the Toy Awakening and acrobatic act. The idea is pretty and clever, and the real work of the artists as acrobats is well above the average. Every youngster will enthuse over life-sized toys coming to life and talking, and their elders enjoy the act, too.

The offering at the Grand this week, "His Last Dollar," was rather a surprise to many who, judging from the title, scarcely expected so good a production. The piece certainly is melodramatic, but it is most effective and proved very pleasing to the audiences, who applauded as only Toronto audiences can applaud. Mr. David Higgins as principal made a particularly good impression as Joe Braxton, a wealthy speculator, who had risen from the post of jockey. He is betrayed by the man whom he considers his firmest friend. The latter cheats him in every possible way, makes love to, and finally marries the girl who at first appears as Braxton's fiancee. It all ends in the speculator coming down to his last dollar—having put up his few remaining hundreds on the horse of his one-time benefactor, Colonel Downs. The animal has been entered by the daughter of the man who had befriended him, and of course to make the climax satisfactory, Braxton and the "girl from Kentucky," Eleanor Downs, the role being taken by Miss Georgie Waldron, fall in love with each other. It is all rather exciting and attractive. The company, without an exception, does good work, and Mr. Higgins, also the leading lady of the offering, Miss Waldron, may feel assured of a hearty reception on their next visit to Toronto.

When Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin play at the Princess Theater the first half of next week, our playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing two of America's foremost stars, supported by their own metropolitan company. It is seldom that one star such as either of these can be seen in the city, so the combination of the two makes the coming event the chief dramatic feature of the season. Miss Anglin has won recognition that justifies Mr. Miller in making her a co-star. She is looked upon now in New York by managers



WANTED—A BASS ACCOMPANIMENT.

Evangelist Borden—If Blair would only consent to sing that song with you, Tarte, we'd convert thousands of Grits.

and critics as the greatest actress left this side of the water and as the coming American Duse, though it may well be said she has already arrived. To see her in a great play is an experience never forgotten. She has a personality that seizes attention and when she steps upon the stage every eye and every heart follow her as long as she stays. The combination of Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin in the same production is one that cannot be rivaled. Mr. Miller, who for ten years has been steadily climbing to his present leading place on the national stage, is the most brilliant exponent of the intellectual drama that America possesses. As a student of stage technique, as a producer of stage pictures, and as a builder of dramatic situations, he is a master without a master.

A magnificent production of "A County Girl," with Miss Helen Marvin, who played the title role in the original production of the play in London, will come to the Princess Theater for three nights only, December 17th, 18th, and 19th, presented by the sterling Augustin Daly Musical Company, direct from Daly's Theater, New York. The music is by the writers of the music of "San Toy" and "The Geisha," and the author of such hits as "Listen to the Band" and "Rhoda and her Pagoda." The company numbers eighty people, and the stage is full of beautiful women.

There will be several headliners at Shea's next week and the bill promises to be interesting and up to date. Some of the features are old friends who have not been here for some time, and others are newcomers to Toronto. One who is new in vaudeville here is Mr. Richard J. Jose, familiarly known as Dick Jose, the marvelous contra tenor. Mr. Jose is very popular in Toronto, and will undoubtedly be quite an attraction. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield will offer a new act entitled "Mike Haggarty's Daughter." This is a sequel to the act they played last season, called "Mag Haggarty's Father." It is from the pen of Will Cressy, and is said to be even funnier than the original sketch. The scene is in the evening before St. Patrick's Day, and takes place in Mike Haggarty's home. The Mason Keeler Company will appear in the "Smart Set" story, "Hooked by Crook," which is presented by permission of the Ess Ess Publishing Company. Homer B. Mason as a burglar has a good part, which he plays well. Marguerite Keeler as Millicent Raybridge is also very happy in this sketch. Keno, Welch and Montrose have a splendid acrobatic act in which they do some of the most difficult gymnastic feats, while at the same time they are starting the Orpheus Comedy Four will be heard and seen in fifteen minutes of riot.

## Boots and Brains.

**S**HE was sitting on the only sofa in the palm room among a company of local celebrities and would-be celebrities, and she was trying to feel herself worthy of the invitation to meet a Distinguished Author. She had been very dignified and very subdued for an hour and a half, and there is every hope that she would have left in the next half hour with a properly humbled idea of herself and a properly glorified idea of Canada Letters. But the doors suddenly opened to let in a procession of a dozen and odd Big men, led by a Very Great Man. Almost immediately a hush fell upon the Distinguished Company while it was explained to them that the Guest of the evening would read a chapter from one of her books not yet published. The clear, concise tones of a low-pitched voice began what should have thrilled her as much as it enthralled the little coterie of late comers who blocked her view in taking up their different attitudes of absorption or concentration. Perhaps if she could have seen the face of the reader it would not have happened, but in trying to look somewhere her eyes fell on the ground in front of her, and this is what she saw—from fifteen to twenty pairs of boots with corresponding trousered legs above them were ranged about her, interrupting the pattern on the carpet with what seemed at first sight dreary sameness.

The "Imperialist" proceeded with his speech, making many points which amused the upper halves of those pairs of boots. They stood their ground noiselessly, however, while her flippancy, the result of a congeation of ideas, led her to guess at the identity of each separate pair, and its history. One neat set of patent leathers, quite near, topped by black cloth gaiters, small but still masculine in appearance, surely belonged to a man of alert brain and quick action, methodical and systematic in character. There stood an absolutely new pair of glazed kid, big and strong and common sense, the possible owner of which puzzled her; she could arrive at no conclusion. Here was something more easy to identify, well worn, even cracked, ones, and with no pretension at a patch, frankly "done for." The owner of them must be a bachelor (a wife would have discarded them long ago!), a student, quite absorbed in research, who, when he came to dress for his Round Table dinner, was quite shocked at his own forgetfulness to buy a new pair, put them on with an anxious hope that they would not be noticed—and had promptly forgotten all about them, till the next monthly meeting of the club. Here, again, was an old-fashioned professor with a comfortable income and a guile wife to preside over his wardrobe. His boots were cloth-topped, with elastic at the sides, neat, well fitted, and polished.

She had abandoned herself by this time to her frivolous occupation, and had grown interested in it. The first sense of surreptitious amusement had passed, and she was eagerly hunting among the feet to discover a pair of the regulation "pumps" which used to be considered essential with swallow-tail coats, when over there, on the other side of the bench, her eye spotted a ridiculously dainty pair of patent pumps with pointed toes, much too small and much too dainty, it seemed, for such a gathering. They properly belonged to the ball-room. The owner of them must surely be a mere dilettante.

plain yer meanin', sez I, indignant. "We're engaged," sez Lindy, serious, but I c'd a' bet she wuz a-grinnin', too, 'f there'd a' ben a fight.

"Look a-here," sez I, "how'd my friend Stimson Stott git under the fence?" I sez, imperious. "Guess," sez Rube, sad like, sez he. "The fence must a' fell on him, of that's where he wuz," sez Lindy. "I missed him," sez she. "Pears that way," sez Rube, thinkin' hard. "He'd orter keep out o' the grass when the doo is on," he sez.

"Wal, we had to git another noo teacher 'count o' the loss o' my mel'ns, an' I ain't never got no sense out o' them two yet 'bout what they seen that night. All they sez is 'Guess again,' sez they."

And Old Josh bit off another piece of "chewing."

AUSTIN L. McCREDIE.

## New York Letter.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

**T**HE sad, the melancholy days, did not come our way this November. They were, in double modern vernacular, "cut out." For the bright blue-eyed days of October quietly lingered on, coqueting with us, week after week, and appropriating the season in utter disregard of the calendar's long-expired notice to quit. But nature is vindictive enough to take full revenge, and this time we are all suddenly cast into the throes of a Canadian winter, with our blue-eyed coquette somewhere in disgrace. The bridle paths and driving boulevards in Central Park and Riverside have each borne witness, too, to the glad convivance of men, maids and matrons in this disobedience. The wine of October weather seemed to warm the blood and, with slackened reins, there has been a healthy, animated pursuit of these joyous outdoor exercises. Even the sight is a joyous one and every afternoon has presented the same gay, animated picture, and every evening the sun as it went down bathed the scene in its own amorous glow of pink, gold and amber.

For New York, unlike some "American" cities—Chicago for instance, where the sun serves the meanest utilitarian purposes—may boast beautiful sunsets, and I ask no lovelier one, at times, than to stand, say, on the New York side of the Hudson and see the sun go over the Jersey hills.

But from such delights was this rude transition to inclement winter. Accomplished, too, in the twinkling of an eye, and, before we had time to fortify against it, the chill was on us. As a result, colds are as fashionable here as bulk pups, and, like them, run mostly to nose, bringing home one, at least, of life's little ironies.

"Let those still undeviated a smooth life boast,  
I do not think it much.  
Your nose, just when you need to blow it most,  
Is quite too sore to touch."

Probably the largest collection of great portraits ever assembled on this continent, or indeed anywhere, is now on view at the American Art Galleries in this city. The occasion is the Orthopaedic Hospital, whose financial welfare is in the hands of influential leaders of society and this unique effort is the result. The collection consists of famous portraits in the possession of private families only, and has no reference to those in the regular art galleries of the city.

We have heard a good deal of how Europe has been spoiled of her treasures by these rich "American" bandits abroad, but until one has seen such a collection as this he cannot realize the extent to which these marauding expeditions have been carried. No wonder the old countries are waking up to the calamity that is upon them—the only surprise is that they have been indifferent so long. Italy has already launched a bold policy to waylay further export, and an influential committee, we learn, is now being formed in England for the purpose of retaining there such of the masterpieces as may in future be placed on the market. Money has no artistic conscience, nor does it respect the artistic conscience that is too weak to withstand temptation. And so, the country's exchequer must, perchance, come to the rescue of its own impulsive patriot.

The "American" public, it would appear, if one is entitled to reason a priori, have no sense of value until it is reduced to dollars and cents. And so, we find this portrait show, including, as it does, some of the world's best, advertised for its value in millions, and the cost of its underwriting set forth, with a great deal more of such statistical and impressive information.

Broadly speaking, the range is from Bronzino of the early Florentine; Matsys, early Dutch; Clouet, early French; down to such moderns as Besnard, Carolus Duran, Millais, Herkomer, Whistler, Chase and Sargent—only the last two of whom I have found represented in the public galleries. The collection is rather promiscuous for anything like comparative study, though the contrasts certainly are there, sharp and defined as the subjects themselves. There is also very little attempt at grouping, even of the periods, and you will find a Gainsborough opposite such a modern as Sargent, or a Besnard in the same room with Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Kitty Fisher."

The work of the moderns is represented principally in the portraiture of leading contemporary society women, and it is not an unfair criticism to say that in most cases the subjects have been considered more than the art. While we are here, if you should care to relax the artistic strain, you may sit down anywhere among these contemporaries and overhear the most delicious bits of scandal discussed, proving that human interest surmounts all other appreciation—as, of course, it should. Of these moderns, the portrait of "Mrs. Chanler," one of Sargent's earlier pieces, besides being the most intellectual of the group, is the most satisfactory because the least "modern" in that offensive sense in which it is sometimes insisted upon. His portrait of Stevenson is there, and the dear face still shines with the light of invincible genius.

Whistler is represented by one picture only, that of a lady in a riding habit, while Chase has given us an excellent portrait of the eccentric painter himself, that shows him in all his characteristic "cussedness." Miss Emmett would have to be named high among "American" moderns. Her work is full of vigor and freshness and conscientious art within. But, to come up higher.

There is a very striking Corot portrait, and such popular "well-knowns" as Millais's of the sentimental and irrelevant title, "Yes or No," Leighton's fair "Blue Lady," and Greuze's "Portrait of a Boy." The most beautiful face in the gallery—the one you come back to over and over—is Zoffany's "Portrait of a Lady," though Constant has a charming subject of the colorless olive type with exquisite shadows about the eyes and nostrils. But one cannot begin to name individually. In addition to those mentioned are such familiar old masters as Copley, Simon de Vos, Hopper, Makart, Rembrandt, Laurence, Sully, Van Dyck, Velasquez and a world more. To an art lover the exhibition is worth a trip across continents.

J. E. W.

## Unwept, Unhonored and Unsung.

The sun was rising—a scarlet sun—a sun of radiant glory—lighting the land to another day with its limitless possibilities; lighting the mansions of the rich; lighting the humble dwellings of the poor; lighting the barred cells of those who were to die—to die in the court outside—to die the death of traitors—to die by the axe then sharpening.

They slept unwitting—slept the sleep of their kind. Only he watched, standing beside the bars where he had hovered restlessly since many hours, awaiting the appearance of that glorious orb, the emblem of freedom, which he so dearly loved and for which love he was at last to die.

For his had been a voice that had rung across the land and roused the slave to his sense of slavery, the downtrodden to a knowledge of their rights. At his call the soldier had seized his sword and he who was not a soldier had laid hold of what he might. Peace ended when his clarion resounded, tumult arose, and of what was wrought in the days that followed we all have evidence. And for this reason—because his power over all classes was so mighty, and because there were those among them who were powerful and whose sluggish souls rebelled at the awakening that was to be—for this reason he had been imprisoned.

And so the sun then rising was to be the last sun he should ever see.

The axe was ready and the block. A vague presentiment filled him. He looked abroad—he trembled—not in fear—but in unwonted excitement.

In the cells beyond they were seeking his comrades. Something told him his hour was near.

Ah, the door opens! It is the executioner, and there are blood stains on his hands.

Oh, Christmas, what crimes are committed in thy name!—The "Farmer."

## FOR A MAIDEN FAIR.

By JETNA.

**A** SHORT time ago I was walking along one of our principal streets in the north-east part of the town. It was one of those bright, sunshiny days with which we have been largely favored lately—but, however bright the sun may shine, and however soft the winds may blow, there is an intangible something everywhere which makes us say to ourselves, "Good-by, Summer, good-by!" And now the trees have scattered their pretty red and golden leaves fast and thick on every side, and the air has a decided tang of frost in it; the furs, which have been "perdu" for months, reappear; and furnaces, and "winter coal," and other practical matters are engrossing our attention, mingled with thoughts of holy and miserable and Christ-mas cards. It is well, I think, to allow a touch of sentiment to soften the prosaic duties of everyday life.

Well, as I was telling you, I was taking a walk abroad not long ago, and I noticed a small group of small people standing on the pavement—a little maid, too young to have come from school, and two little men, who were busy overwhelming her with endearments, for the damsel had evidently "come to grief" by slipping and falling over a loose plank (I am sorry to say these are not rare just about here), to the detriment of her pretty frock. They dusted and adjusted her numerous frills and furbelows, and then each possessed himself of an arm and—a cheek! One reads "in novels" of kisses being "rained" upon the adored one—there was no fiction about this "old, old story;" it was smiling reality.

I had not much time to spare, but I determined to stay and watch this little comedy to its "sweet" end.

The tiny maid wore a coquettish white "poke" bonnet, beneath which her fair, curly hair hung in tangles over two mischievous brown eyes. She was accepting the attentions shown upon her with demure grace, and a most amusing air of condescension, looking and evidently feeling in high fettle with her dainty self, nothing loth to boast of, or rather indulge in, "two strings to her bow," while the old adage "two's company, three's none," did not, for the nonce, apply in her case. However, I felt sure that matters as they were must develop shortly into some kind of climax, and was anxious to see which of the two devoted swains would prove the favored one. Not a suspicion even of partiality was shown as yet.

As the trio, still arm in arm, neared the end of the street, they again came to a standstill—the poke bonnet and curls nodding approval on both. A brick happened to be lying in the path of the "ladye fair," and with gallantry worthy of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he threw his cloak underneath the feet of Queen Elizabeth, the tallest knight removed it.

Then—you should have seen the look in those eyes, half-trustful, and innocent, but wholly wide awake as to their power—then "she gave a side glance and looked down." Beware! Beware!

After that the capitulation, as the sunflower to the sun. Both cheeks were surrendered. Sir Walter Raleigh had won the day. At this denouement pride asserted itself with "the other one." He withdrew his arm, calmly, but you should have seen the look on his face—so woe-begone, so really heart-sore it was quite touching; rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand as he watched the happy couple maren off, evidently oblivious of the forlorn little soul left behind them. This part of the "comedy of youthful romance" was almost dramatic in its effect and pathos.

I fear, with pen and paper, I can give you but a poor idea of what a delicious bit of acting this was, fresher and infinitely more enjoyable to me than some plays I have seen behind the footlights.

I lost a "wonderful bargain" by my dallying, but I did not regret it. Late I overheard the question being asked, "Is gallantry among our young men declining?" The charming little scene I witnessed answers the question and I trust disperses any doubt.

## At The Gates.

There came to the gates that are high and wide

A man and a woman fair to see;

"Living and lost, or doomed and dead,"

(These were the words the woman said),

"Whither thou goest I follow thee."

And the man, as he bent to her lips' cool wine:

"We who are joined by the right divine,

"Joined in heaven or hell shall be."

But he who guarded the portals wide

Laughed—for he knew that the man had lied.

Hand in hand to the threshold red,

Craven and culprit fair to see;

But one drew back. "For my soul's sake,"

(These were the words he faltering spoke),

"Enter first, as thou lovest me."

She raised the latch, and her lips were flame;

"Mine the searching and mine the shame;

Sweet is the cup which I drain for thee."

The gates swung out with a mighty moan

As the woman, smiling, passed through—alone.

—Meribah Philbrick Reed in December "Smart Set."

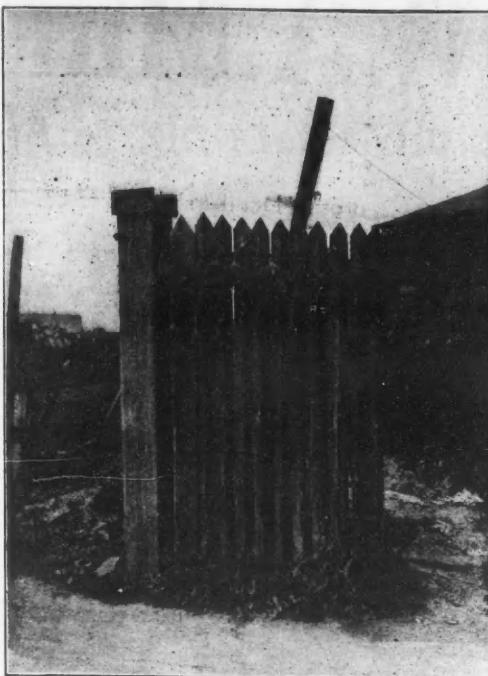
## When Patti Sang.

**T**HERE were packed street cars in Toronto on the night of the first Thursday in December, and Massey Hall had gathered as much of the city's beauty and chivalry as could afford to be present. More than four thousand people encored steadily each number on the programme, and burst into yester applause than has been when the little lady of "Craig-y-Nos" tripped daintily forward. Even the very musical persons who had come to cavil were polite enough to smile at the beaming prima donna, and Father Time seemed to be the only gentleman who utterly refused her recognition. He had turned his back while she skipped nimbly by, singing the "Jewel Song" as she went.

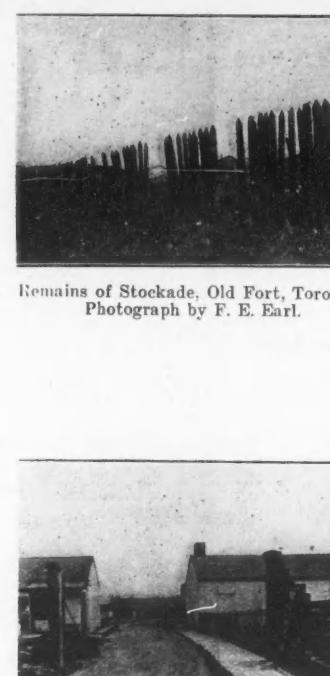
There was a little old lady in the second gallery, almost as dainty as Patti herself, but with a sweet sadness on her lined face. It was a rare thing for her to go to a concert, and she felt almost dizzy as she looked down on the heads below. What a great crowd it was, and how dreadful, it would be if there should be a fire! She wondered if she would be able to find a seat in the car after it was all over, and whether everything was going well at home while she was drinking in the splendor of a concert in Massey Hall. But she forgot her fears in the delight of listening to those nice young men, who reminded her of John as he was forty years ago (only that John had better features), and who gave such dear old favorites as "By Bendemeer's Stream" and "I'll Sing These Songs of Araby." She trembled with excitement when Patti came back and softly sang, "What's This Dull Town to Me?" That was the first line of "Robin Adair," and she remembered well how her father used to ask her mother to sing the old Scotch air while he played the accompaniment on the melodeon. That was fifty years ago, but the old memories came back with the familiar words. Then there were those two wonderful young girls who played the piano and the violin in a fashion that bewildered her. Ah! the young people of today were extremely quick and clever, and she could not understand how such slender arms and fingers possessed such strength. But Patti was singing again, and when she returned, smiling and bowing, and began "Mid pleasures and palaces," a queer mist came over the eyes of the little old lady in the second gallery, and the lights of Massey Hall seemed to flicker and then die out.

More than forty years ago! And John had taken her to the concert, which was a frightful act of extravagance on his part, but then she was a bride, and her young husband was so determined that she should have and hear the very best that he could give. How good he had always been! She had worn a beautiful gown of lavender silk that her father had brought all the way from London in the Old Country, and it had been trimmed with the lace that Aunt Deborah had given her just six months before the wedding-day. And there were flowers, too, a bunch of white geraniums, with their sweet-scented leaves. Their fragrance came to her now as she faintly heard "An exile from home."

It had been such a wonderful concert, and she and John had talked about it for months afterwards, and had really thought of naming their first little girl "Adelia," but had called her Mary Elizabeth instead. The little girl had grown up and had been won by another John, who had taken her away to California, where she was bringing up two little lads to love their mother's Canadian home. Then there were the three other children—George and Jessie and Frank. George was doing so well down in the West Indies, and he had a wife



Old Gate, West Entrance.  
Old Fort, Toronto.  
Photograph by F. E. Earl.



Remains of Stockade, Old Fort, Toronto.  
Photograph by F. E. Earl.

West Entrance, Old Fort, Toronto.  
Photograph by F. E. Earl.

THE OLD FORT.  
The above illustrations should be of interest to all Torontonians, for the ruined fort is one of the few reminders of the city's old military life. On page 17 will be found an article by Mr. F. E. Earl which gives an entertaining summary of the quaint old building's history.

who was an excellent housekeeper, but the climate couldn't be very good for the children. Jessie—ah, dear little Jessie, who might have sung as well as Patti if she had only been spared—had gone away from them many a year ago, and would always be just the curly-haired, brown-eyed pet who had grown tired of her playthings and fallen asleep. Frank had been wild for a few years and she had been so afraid that he would be a great trouble to his father; but Frank's heart was always in the right place, and he had turned out such a fine fellow, after all. He had bought the concert tickets and had insisted on her going.

But Patti was bowing again to an audience that was simply clapping itself into a fever, and the little old lady turned suddenly as she felt a warm, trembling hand clasp hers. Yes, she met John's eyes, not as keen as they were when she was a bride, but just as true and tender as they were when the lavender silk was new.

Some of the critics on the ground floor were looking bored and were preparing to write things in the paper about the absurdity of singing rubbish like "Home, Sweet Home" to say nothing of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." But John and Margaret in the upper gallery were more than content with the old singer and the old song. C.

## The New Thought of The Divine Incarnation.

**O**N Sunday night, November 29th, Rev. J. T. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church preached from the texts, "God was in Christ" (II Cor. 5: 19), and "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us" (I John 4: 12). The discourse was intensely interesting, as it dealt thoughtfully and critically with a question that, more than any other, is stirring the religious world to-day. In the course of his discussion of the two views of the Divine Incarnation, the speaker said:

One view sees God incarnate in Christ alone; the other sees God incarnate not only in Christ, but also in all Christ's brethren—in all the rest of the children of the Common Father, for Jesus, in speaking to His followers, makes their relation to the Father the same as His, speaking of God, as "My Father and your Father, my God and your God." This is the view not only of the liberal Christian churches, but of a steadily growing number of the broader minds in all the creedal churches, in spite of their creeds. Biblical scholarship is making it increasingly clear that this was the teaching of Jesus and His immediate disciples; historic study that this was the doctrine of the early Christian churches; and philosophic and scientific study that this is the view which is based in fact and reason.

Let us examine the commonly received doctrine of a limited incarnation in Christ alone. The first thing to be observed concerning it is that it was born late—long after Christ—and in a very dark age, too, when a majority of men believed that God was to be seen only in the unusual, the exceptional, the supposed miraculous, before it was understood that all things are governed according to law. If God is to incarnate Himself, will it be likely to take place in a corner, in some one special age, in some single special land, in a little special town in that land, in some one human being born in an unusual and exceptional way? We must say that at least the presumption is against an incarnation in

such a special, limited, and unusual manner. Suppose some person should go away to some great mountain valley in Asia, Africa, or Australia, and there find a single tree—perhaps the largest tree in the world—but one single tree among millions, hidden away in that one remote valley, and should say to you: "There, in that tree, and in that tree alone, God manifests Himself, so far as trees are concerned." Would you believe him? He might urge that the tree was the finest known; he might even bring reports believed by multitudes that the tree had been planted by God Himself, but you would say, "No, I cannot accept your claim. The God that I worship planted all trees, not by the poor expedient of special miracle, but by His wise, perpetually operative and unfailing nature methods."

Let us briefly examine the story of the miraculous birth and see whether it really belongs in the Bible, whether it is any part of the real Gospel, or is only a later addition, a legendary aftergrowth. It should be noted that the Gospels of Mark and John, the former of which is generally conceded now by the best critics to be the earliest of the Gospels, say nothing about any miraculous birth. If Jesus was really born differently from anybody else, and if this was the primary proof that he was God, it seems unaccountable that two of his biographers should have omitted this crucial fact. In the Acts of the Apostles there is not a word about the miraculous birth. Peter speaks of Christ—"a man approved of God among you." Paul has no word of it, and James, probably a brother of Jesus, is utterly silent on the subject. That the accounts of the miraculous birth in Matthew and Luke are a late legendary accretion is indicated by the fact that the story is contrary to many things in the Gospel narratives. Matthew declares that the friends of Jesus said of him, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Luke represents them as saying, "Is not this the son of Joseph?" John makes the question more explicit: "Is not this Jesus, Joseph's son, whose father and mother we know?" Mary, the mother, declares: "Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing." Then we have two separate genealogical tables in the Gospels, both tracing the ancestry of Jesus through Joseph. Nowhere, save in the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke, does the New Testament hint at such a birth.

It was natural and inevitable that, after a full generation, legends about Jesus should spring up. Indeed, a whole volume, the "Apocryphal Gospels," has come down to us. By the time "Matthew" and "Luke" received their final revisions ten or twenty years after the writing of Mark's Gospel, the legend of the miraculous birth had come into existence. What follows is that Christ's divineness of nature was not different in kind, but only in degree, from yours and mine. God was in Him, but God is also in all humanity. Jesus was simply the lastest soul among his brethren, one in whom the divine spirit rose to an unwonted fulness and power of manifestation, so that He was able to say with a deeper and loftier meaning than had ever been given to the words before, "I and My Father are one."

Now, with this view, Jesus is no longer a far-off being, but our true, real, human brother, with joys and sorrows like ours, with battles like ours, great-hearted, brave, gentle, waiting to take our weak hands in His strong hand, and lead us to the loving heart of His Father and our Father, His God and our God. Let us know that whenever any high thought

or pure desire knocks at the door of our hearts, it is God asking to be let in; and if we open the door He will come in and dwell with us, bringing all His angels of light, and we shall know what it means to dwell in heaven while we are yet pilgrims of Earth.

## Confetti.

Life has this, at least, in common with pictorial art, that its highest light and deepest shadow lie close together.—"Laura's Legacy."

One country is as good as another if there is no love-niche anywhere.—"Katharine Frensham."

Nothing but the infinite pity of God can meet the infinite pathos of human life.—"Lady Gay."

"It is only unsatisfied love that is eternal.—"Life."

She was a newcomer and an "American," and America was a land of cheap finish and easy supremacy.—"The Pensionnaires."

What else is there in life greater than work and peace?—"Katharine Frensham."

A girl and a promissory note are seldom settled before maturity.—"Life."

With patience sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf satin.—Turkish proverb.

Women are always the children of first impressions.—"Doctor Xavier."

It is the duty of every woman not to mind her own business.—"Katharine Frensham."

The man who belittles great things has no instinct of greatness.—"Doctor Xavier."

Most pictures should be seen from the next room—or the next century.—"The Pensionnaires."

Popular success tends to that fatty sense of satisfaction which is another name for fatty degeneration of the soul.—"The Pensionnaires."

Give a swift horse to him who tells the truth, so that as soon as he has told it he may ride and escape.—Turkish proverb.

Destiny plays strange tricks with us when opportunity is our need.—"Doctor Xavier."

We have worn out all our words on inferior deeds.—"The Pensionnaires."

"Energy is really very troublesome; it earns a statue in a market-place or a tomb in a cathedral—I desire neither.—"The Prince" in "Doctor Xavier."

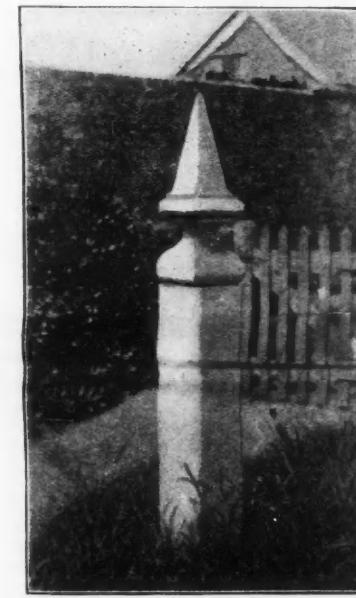
If you have to gather thorns, do it by the stranger's hand.—Turkish proverb.

What could be more consoling on earth than a becoming dress, unless it were a becoming hat?—"Katharine Frensham."

Because he was gentle and generous-hearted he had to pay the uttermost price for the emotions which were the finest in his nature.—"Katharine Frensham."

## The Whispering Post.

At Rochford, Essex, there is a very quaint practice. The Whisper Court is a strange Michaelmas observance held under the superintendence of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is carried out at midnight in the open air; the absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance; no artificial light except a firebrand is permitted; the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand; the



roll of fourteen tenants is then called over, and answered to in a whisper, and then they kneel down and swear allegiance.

Very many years ago, the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home by night. Passing over King's Hill, he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination, and thus warned, he reached home by an unexpected route. From that time forth he enacted that the tenants on his estate should assemble every year exactly at the same time to do him homage around a post which he erected on the precise spot where the plotters met. The present post was erected in 1867, and is an exact counterpart of the original post. It will be seen that it is spiked at the top to represent a huge candle.

## The Place of "Ragtime."

It has not been long since the leader of a celebrated Eastern band manifested no little indignation when asked to play a popular air as an encore, remarking that his band did not play ragtime music. Since that time the popular taste for what is called ragtime music has not only spread all over America, but achieved equal success in the most cultivated centers of Europe, our most familiar airs being encored there with the greatest enthusiasm. Sousa, who lately toured Europe, made a great hit with ragtime, and has lately stated that King Edward VII, liked it so well he asked for more of it, and he gave him "Smoky Mokes" and "Georgia Camp Meeting." Emperor William and the Czar were equally pleased with it. One of the Eastern papers has utilized these facts in a cartoon in which the three rulers are elevating to a pedestal in a musical pantheon the figure of a negro with a banjo, while Chopin and Beethoven are represented as getting down from theirs as if in disgust. It does not argue that because these light and cheerful tunes are thus revived it is to be regarded as an indication of deterioration of taste for the higher class of music any more than appreciation shown for the lighter forms of literature would imply a similar retrograde in letters. It is the variety which makes the excellence of the whole as diversion from labor manual or mental, and produces the proper equability which insures health and promotes happiness. The enthusiasm manifested so generally for this light class of music recalls the sensation created by Jenny Lind half a century ago. At a time when the fashionable opera was in highest vogue she came to America and achieved her greatest triumph by singing such simple airs as "Comin' Thro' the Rye." They touched a popular chord and it vibrated throughout continents. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Just as the simple songs of Burns gave pleasure without irritating against the culture of a taste for the higher creations in vocal music, so the simple melodies which we know as ragtime are harmless and without danger of taking the place of the more elevated style of music. We cannot play tragedy all the time, but must have the melodrama and the farce as the lighter features of the stage. And so in music, literature and art the philosophy applies with the same force.



## The Kind of Man a Woman Likes.

**O**n the face of it, the answer is obvious. A woman likes any kind of man better than no man at all. But what sort of man do the majority of women like best? Good women appear to favor bad men, perhaps because opposites attract, and also because they frequently appear to entertain a foolish delusion that they might be able to reform them. On the other hand, it is often found that unprincipled women—one does not like to call them "bad," for, as a gallant Irish peer once observed, the only way in the world that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of an attractive woman is to shut his eyes—are usually keen in looking out for a man whom they term "a good sort," one who will let them have their own way in everything, and who is kind-hearted, generous, patient, self-sacrificing and devoted (if such can be found)! But nearly all women appreciate a kind-hearted man, a man who is attentive to their wants, considerate of their weaknesses, and lavish with his compliments and caresses—and, needless to say, his money.

A mean, niggardly man is particularly disliked, no matter what good qualities he may be possessed of in other directions. It may be absolutely necessary to exercise the strictest supervision over the household expenditure, but if the chancellor of the domestic exchequer has reduced the study of economy to a fine art and is little short of a financial genius, it will be deemed at best but a negative virtue on his part, and his cheapsaving policy will rarely commend itself either to his wife or to any other member of his household.

"I like a man to be a man," is an oft-repeated dictum of the fair sex. This axiomatic saying seems, at first, absurdly simple. But the Delphic utterance, with epigrammatic brevity and comprehensiveness, reveals, upon examination, a tremendous truth. Woman likes a man who is anything rather than a duplicate of herself. He must be manly, not effeminate; strong where she is weak; bold where she is timid; dauntless, outspoken and passionate where she is hesitating, fearful and reserved.

He must be a man who can act well his part in the outside world, for, strange to say, woman rarely likes or appreciates the domesticated man, who, they say, is "like a woman about the house," and who can wash and dress the children, or put them to bed, or cook the dinner with equal facility. Most women seem actually to prefer that a man should be positively helpless when within the walls of his own home, but probably this is because they wish him to realize his utter dependence upon them, and his incapacity to grapple with domestic problems of any and every kind during their absence.

It is the modern human fashion to consider that women are not ruled by passion. Never was there a greater fallacy. If woman is ruled by anything beyond her own whims and fancies for the moment, it is by passion—but she calls it love! Women, au fond, are all more or less passionate, and the men who appeal to her primitive passions and instincts are the men she really likes best.

"Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love."

and since love is a woman's "whole existence" the reason why she allows sentiment to guide her rather than common sense is not far to seek.

In spite of Wilkie's well-known boast that though it took him half an hour just "to talk away his face" (on account of his extreme plainness) he would beat any man that entered the lists against him for a lady's favor, it is undeniable that most women prefer men who are good-looking, and, in addition, well groomed and smart in appearance. Not that they admire a dandy or a fop, or a man who attaches too much importance to dress and fashion.

When Wilkie wrote his challenge to Lord Townshend he said: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." This is, of a certainty, a challenge full of assurance and conceit, but Wilkie knew his world—or, at any rate, the feminine portion of it—when he suggested the powerful influence of "attentions." No true woman ever disregards or disapproves of "attentions," even when bestowed by men to whom she is indifferent, but when they come from the man of her heart and choice they are treasured and prized enormously.

A woman is both fond and faithful, and the more a man respects her sensitiveness and her not always or altogether unworthy weaknesses over this question of sentiment the better will she like him. Women admire bravery, pluck, heroism in a man, also his skill in athletic sports and outdoor games generally. Commanding intellect or talent does not appeal to them in the same degree. Clever women, in particular, have a keen eye for physical perfection and prowess in a man. They admire a witty man, but they do not love him. The quiet woman likes a lively man, one who can "talk interestingly," and prevent her from feeling dull; the chatterbox prefers a quieter specimen of humanity, who will be content to let her do all or most of the talking, but who will be genial and attentive, not surly or gloomily unresponsive.

"Has your master come home yet?" asked the wife of a city man, addressing her housemaid. "No, ma'am," answered the girl. "But I thought I heard him in the hall just now!" continued the lady. "Oh, that was Towsler you heard, ma'am, growling over a bone!" The grumpy, growling kind of man is most emphatically not the kind of man any woman likes, but she will forgive a great deal to a man who is cheerful and sympathetic, ready to make the best of things, considerate in trifles, thoughtful for her comfort, and anxious to protect her to the best of his ability "till death do them part"—"Modern Society."

## Peculiar Prisoners.

Westralian prisons report refers to a peculiar difficulty. The State still has under lock and key a number of Imperial life-sentence prisoners, transported

# An Extra Chance

For Delivery in Great Britain by CHRISTMAS WEEK....



THE EVE OF NEW YEAR is the great gift-giving time in the Old Country. We have therefore extended our offer to deliver, free of all charges, shipments of **MACLAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE** to Old Country friends of Canadian buyers, and will **Guarantee Delivery** during Christmas week of all orders sent in to us by **Wednesday, December 16th**. This is a last opportunity for 1903, and one you should not miss. **Here is our offer:**

We will deliver to any address in England, Scotland or Ireland a dozen or half a dozen of our Imperial Cheese without one cent charge beyond the regular price, viz., 10c, 25c, 50c per jar. This is an opportunity to give Old Country friends a holiday surprise with a delicious worthy Canadian product.

If you will forward us your card we will see that it is carefully packed in the case going to your friend.

Prices—Individual size jar 10c per jar \$1.20 per dozen.  
Small " 25c " 3.00 "  
Medium " 50c " 6.00 "

All delivery charges paid by us. You have no trouble. Simply send us your order.

Cheese is Canada's most famous product. **MacLaren's Imperial** is Canada's most famous cheese.

Write addresses plainly to avoid mistakes. Make post-office or express orders payable to

**A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Limited**  
51 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO.

Other dealers imitate our jars and labels, and are now imitating our advertisements.

They cannot, however, imitate the quality of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

thirty-five to forty years ago. A locally sentenced lifer has been known to get out in less than eight years, and, under present rules, can get out in sixteen years, so that generations of lifers have come and gone while the Imperial ancients remain. Applications to Britain for permission to turn them loose have been unsuccessful. "It ought not to be difficult to find a way out of the trouble," suggests an Australian writer. "If they cannot be let go, what is the matter with transporting them to England? It would be cheaper than keeping them till they are all dead. But the best idea is to turn them loose and say nothing about it to Britain."

## The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It Is In Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

The trouble started in my back, and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain.

"My attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

"Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the kidneys are working right they take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys work right."

"That woman's boss of the ward all right," said the first repeater, in the days of female suffrage, "and she's a regular terror, ain't she?" "That's what!" replied the other; "I wanted \$2 for my vote, and she wouldn't gimme more'n \$1.98"—Philadelphia "Press."

## The "American" Invasion.

Brandon, Manitoba, Oct. 19.

I FOUND the big man who boarded the train at Regina was inclined to be communicative, and as we thundered eastward through the night the hard seats of the colonist cars discouraged sleep.

We were both going a "short" journey only—some 450 miles—to Brandon, in Manitoba, but I had found the sleeper full, and my companion said he "couldn't stand being stuffed up in those cars,"

As my cigar case grew rapidly lighter, he commented emphatically on a paragraph I pointed him out in an English newspaper.

"Say," said he, "just you write that chap and tell him he's away off about the West becoming 'Americanized'; I guess he doesn't know what a real 'American' is."

"But they have been coming in by thousands this year," I objected.

"Not 'Americans,'" said my companion. "Up along the Prince Albert Railway, where I come from, there have been over a thousand families settled this year in one district I know of, and though they all come from 'America,' they are no more 'Americans' than I am."

I looked puzzled. "What are they then?"

"They are all Germans," said my friend, "and it's as reasonable to say that Manitoba is becoming Russified by the Dukobhors, as to say these men are 'Americanizing' the North-West. A German is a German, just as a French-

man is a Frenchman, the world over, whether he's in Quebec or Paris, Chicago or Berlin; but he will make a good Canadian just the same for this Western country, if he gets the chance.

"Why," he continued vehemently, "we have no time to fool with that sort of thing when there is all this to settle up"—and he waved his hand towards the darkness—"what we want are good settlers, and we don't care a darn if they are from Iceland or 'America', Germany or Scandinavia. Their children will be what I am, a Canadian heart and soul; but if Canada is ever to amount to anything, we must have the people here to develop her. The true 'Americans' of the States are the English-speaking people. You don't hear of German-Americans, or Italian-Americans, or French-Americans over there."

"No," I retorted, "but you hear a good deal of French-Canadians on this side of the line."

"I heard a good deal about Scotsmen when I was over in Great Britain," was the reply. "French-Canadians are as much a people as they are, or as the Dutchmen of South Africa are. If a thousand Germans had settled in the North-West a hundred and fifty years ago, there would be German-Canadians here also. But they didn't, and the world moves too fast for that now. I guess there are about as many different peoples or nations in it as there is room for."

"A great number of the 'Americans' settling in the North-West are English-speaking," I remarked.

"Why shouldn't they make as good Canadians as the British settlers in 'America' have made good 'Americans'?" he asked. "The rank and file of the working world are not concerned with international politics, and ambitions schemes of that sort. They read about them in the papers and then light the fire with them. When a man has got to figure on getting a living off 160 acres of virgin prairie, he's too tired of nights to trouble about kings or presidents or emperors, and when he's on velvet and the living is coming pretty easily he'll hurrah on Albert Edward's birthday just as hard. He don't care a fig for most of the pretty little distinctions of race and nationality that you think so much of; but he will admit that our land laws and legal administration in this Canadian North-West are better than those of the State he came from. And he makes the best settler we have ever had in the North-West, for he knows the game from the start, and no matter what happens, you can't stick him anywhere."

"Then you really approve of the 'American invasion'?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, or any other invasion of as good men. They are worth a shipload of greasy Poles, and don't cost any money to settle either; it's the Northern Europeans we want."

"What nationality was your father?" I asked.

His blue eyes and fair hair told me before he answered: "My father was a Norwegian sailor, who settled in Nova Scotia fifty years ago, and if I can give a lift to a Norwegian, you bet I always do it. If I had my way, I'd Scandinavianize the North-West."

And he laughed merrily as he lit the end of another cigar.

H. T. Munn, in London "Outlook."

## Mommens the Absent-Minded.

"Endless anecdotes are told of the great Mommens, who was always buried in his own thoughts. I was on a train one day as the little man with the big hat and long hair jumped off to go into the university. Said the conductor to me, with a grin: 'That's Mommens. He doesn't know his own children!' The good professor's quiver was very full—I believe he had thirteen children—and it is a fact that he met one of them weeping in the street and tried to console it, without in the least recognizing it.

"One of the best stories, and perfectly true, is the following: A friend of Mommens' met him one day in the Linden, coming from the university, hatless—as he frequently was—and walking in the gutter with one foot on the pavement. His friend asked him how he was; and Mommens replied, 'Well, I feel all right; but I notice to-day that I seem to be limping. I fear I have got rheumatism.'

"Anthony Hope" on Marriage.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who was the special guest at a house dinner of the Authors' Club, referring to his recent marriage, said that twelve months before he became qualified to address them as a Benedict he wrote down his impressions of matrimony, occupying, as he did, to use the historic phrase, "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," and he hoped that his no doubt ignorant but highly interesting lucubrations would find a publisher within the ensuing year. It was notorious that novelists wrote much better without experience than with it. Anyhow, he was going to call the novel "Double Harness."

Literature, he continued, did not exist for the sake of making money. Money was a by-product, but it was a by-product which could easily be utilized. Even though a book was good, it sometimes insisted on making money.

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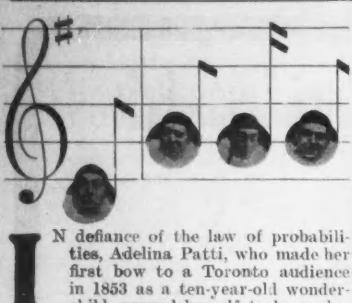
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**I**n defiance of the law of probabilities, Adelina Patti, who made her first bow to a Toronto audience in 1853 as a ten-year-old wonder-child, proved herself to be a phenomenon as a singer of sixty-one years of age at her farewell concert on Thursday night of last week, when she delighted an audience of four thousand one hundred people at Massey Hall. The vast gathering was made up not only of regular concert-goers from the city, but of some hundreds of people from the country towns and villages in the vicinity of Toronto, to whom the name of Patti had been for years a household word as the "Queen of Song," but few of whom had previously found an opportunity of hearing her. So many hundreds of columns have been written about Patti and her voice and its wonderful state of preservation, that nothing essential can be added. But to the musical community of the city as represented at this concert, one can safely say that Patti's singing was a startling but agreeable disappointment. They had said to themselves that it was impossible for a woman of her age to retain much beauty of voice or flexibility of execution, and that she could but be a "success of esteem." But once more they were afforded an illustration of the exception to the rule. It would be against common sense to say, as some newspapers have asserted, that Patti's voice is just as good as it was in her prime, but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that she still has an exquisite quality of vocal tone in the most essential register of her voice, and with an artistic control of vocalization that makes her a marvel. This fact was exemplified in her singing of Mozart's "Voi che sapete." The majority of modern singers and instrumentalists avoid Mozart, because, simple as his music is, it is so clear and pure in atmosphere and tonality that the slightest crudity or imperfection of technique, or the slightest touch of false sentiment, is at once apparent to the listener. But Patti sang this excerpt in a manner that her younger rivals could well take a lesson from. Simplicity and purity of style were there, combined with charm of voice and beauty of phrasing. Occasionally one noticed a disposition to cut short the value of some of the notes; but in this Patti showed that she had the art to gracefully cover a weakness that was only apparent to persons familiar with the music. Later in the evening she sang the "Bijou" song from "Faust," which was perhaps her vocal triumph of the occasion. It was an exquisite effort, so easy and gracious in finish of detail and melodic flow, and with the dangerous passages so skilfully smoothed over. Patti was given an overwhelmingly enthusiastic reception, and was recalled again and again. She responded with "Home, Sweet Home," and "Coming Thro' the Rye," the first of which she rendered with unaffected charm of expression. To the latter, perhaps, she attempted to impart too much of juvenile archness, and it is perhaps a sense of incongruity that has caused critics to object to her singing of this particular song. The diva was assisted by Miss Roza Zambelli, a very accomplished violinist, with an elastic singing tone of much charm; Mr. Wilfred Virgo, the tenor who was one of the soloists at the Mackenzie Musical Festival; Mr. Claude Cunningham, a baritone of good voice and fervent style, and Miss Vera Margolies, a brilliant solo pianist and a judicious ensemble player.

The telegraphed report in the local press that Mr. Victor Herbert has resigned from the directorship of the Pittsburgh Orchestra has caused some misapprehensions as to the effect that his retirement might have on the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, for which, as is well known, he and his orchestra have been engaged. Mr. Vogt has received the following telegram from the secretary of the orchestra, which will show that the Mendelssohn concerts will be given as originally announced: "Mr. Herbert's resignation does not take effect till the close of the season, when he removes to New York, to our mutual regret. We will give the Toronto concerts, and they will be the best we have ever given you. We shall have the complete orchestra of seventy. The Pittsburgh Orchestra will go on next year, and the next conductor, while not yet chosen, will be the best the world affords."

The Victoria College Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McEvay, and the Mandolin and Guitar Club, under Mr. R. M. Chase, are making a tour of Western Ontario next week, giving concerts in Berlin, Stratford, St. Mary's, London and Norwich.

Mr. J. W. Jones of St. Thomas will produce the "Elijah" in that city sometime in January, 1904. Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald has been engaged to sing the baritone solos.

Miss Jessie Binns, one of Dr. Fisher's most brilliant pupils, gave a piano recital at the Conservatory of Music on Friday evening of last week, which attracted a large audience of music-lovers. In her rendering of a choice programme Miss Binns showed that she has greatly gained since her previous appearance in recital in the important elements of certainty of technique, musical conception and beauty and power of tone. Her interpretation and execution of Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuës" were marked by refinement and clearness of design, while she read the first movement of Schumann's fine concerto in A minor with breadth of grasp and sympathetic insight. The cadenza was finely performed. The Schubert-Liszt "Erl-King" was an illustration of descriptive romantic music, and was worked up to a powerful climax. Other pieces of a lighter type which served to exemplify Miss Binns' versatility were Henselt's "Si Oiseau Petas," Chamande's "Autumn" and Raff's "Fairy Tale." In the closing number, Rubinstein's trio, op. 52, Miss Binns had the assistance of Messrs. Klingenberg and Saunders, at the violin and violoncello respectively. In this work she proved herself to be a sympathetic ensemble player, and one who showed much judgment in accommodating the tone of the piano to the requirements of the less sonorous stringed

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*Emma Callie*

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Instruments. In the Schumann concerto the orchestral accompaniment was played with discrimination by Miss Frances S. Morris on a second piano. The assisting solo artists were Miss Heloise Keating, harpist, and Mr. James O. Close, violin, both of whom were appreciatively received.

Liszt's superb Thirteenth Psalm, performed at the recent Birmingham Musical Festival, recalls to an English critic an interesting comment of the composer's in regard to that particular work. When Sir Alexander Mackenzie met Liszt in Florence several years ago, Sir Alexander said he was glad to tell him (Liszt) that a performance of his Thirteenth Psalm had been announced in England. A grim smile passed over the face of the great pianist as he replied: "O Herr, wie lang?" ("O Lord, how long?"), the opening words of the Psalm.

The Schwarzenpanierhaus at Vienna, in which Beethoven breathed his last on March 26, 1827, is being demolished. On Sunday, November 15 — the seventieth anniversary, by the way, of the death of the brother, Caspar Carl, whose son was the cause of so much anxiety and sorrow to the composer — there was a gathering in the two rooms occupied by Beethoven from the autumn of 1825 down to his death. Dr. Leugner, burgomaster of the city of Vienna, was prevented by indisposition from being present, but was represented by Dr. Neumayer, who delivered an address. Herr Reimers of the Hofburg Theatre recited a poem specially written for the occasion. But the most impressive part of the ceremony was the performance, said to have been an admirable one, by the Prill Quartette players of Beethoven's first quartette, op. 135, and in the actual room in which the master died. He occupied two rooms in the house, and in the other, in which some of the numerous guests were assembled, part, if not all, of the work was composed. The autograph of the first movement (allegro) belongs to Dr. Heinrich Steger, who was present, and brought it with him. The last movement bore the superscription, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein?" ("Must it be? It must be!"), of which words more than one explanation has been given. But over a sketch of the pathetic yet peaceful lento is marked "Susser Ruhe Gesang." Beethoven was in very bad health at the time he wrote the quartette, and it is very possible that the interpretation of "Muss es sein? Es muss sein," by the contemporaries of Beethoven, as an allusion to death, may be correct. "If so," says the New York "Evening Post," "the 'sweet rest' in his thoughts must have been that of the grave, for by long and painful experience he knew full well that he could no longer hope for it on earth."

Quite so. But, should there be any difficulty in obtaining twelve qualified barkists, recourse may be had to the farm-yard by inducing a dozen lusty birds to cock-a-doodle-doo the "crown-a-scale." "Eggsactly!" will be the natural exclamation of our friend yolked to the Birmingham "Daily Gazette."

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The historic piano-making house of Broadwood is about to remove from Great Pulteney street to Conduit street, London. The house was founded by Tschudi, a maker of harpsichords, and opened at the present premises in 1732. The reputation which the firm enjoyed was jokingly illustrated by a drawing in "Punch," which depicted the landlady of a lodging-house showing her rooms to a prospective occupant. "I see," said the lady enquiring about the apartments, "that you have a rosewood piano." "No, num," indignantly replied the landlady, "it's a Broadwood."

Piano and vocal pupils of Dr. Torrington supplied the programme given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music. The vocalists who took part were Edna Kaiser, Mrs. Cleland Armstrong, Rose Zeigler, Margaret Casey, Margaret Corkett and Mabel Stockwell. Piano numbers were given by Evelyn Sloan, Kathleen Leroy and Charles Eggett.

The plan for the Conservatory String Quartette opened yesterday at the Conservatory of Music, and a large number of seats were marked off. At their first concert, which takes place next Wednesday, in the Conservatory Music Hall, the quartette will be assisted by Miss Amy Robart Jaffray, soprano, and Mr. Napier Durand, pianist. Miss Lois Winlow, cellist in the quartette, will also play solos. The concert is looked forward to as a musical treat.

#### CHERUBINO.

A Bric-a-Brac Affair.

He is a soldier young and gay,  
She is a dainty miss,  
She leans toward her with a smile.  
Her lips invite a kiss.  
The nook is one for lovers planned,  
To meet and court and wed.  
While sweeping folds of thick brocade  
And screens shut off the view.

But overhead the china clock—  
Pink porcelain—ticks away  
The minutes into hours, and yet  
The silly twain delay.

The gallant's arm is empty still  
And still the maid coquettish.

Because they are a little pair  
Of Dresden statuettes.

—Minna Irving.

#### A Good Joke Spoilt.

An American had climbed Ben Nevis on one of the recent bad days, and the following is the message he handed in at the post-office on the summit for transmission to his friends at home:

"I climbed the Ben, I viewed the mist, I missed the view."

The operator took the message, counted the words, and charged him, all without a smile.

"But," said the Yankee, "don't you see the joke?"

"Oh, yes, I see the joke!" replied the clerk. "I have sent seven messages exactly the same already to-day!"

#### For Convenience.

When Mr. Smith started for lodges meeting the other night he said to his wife: "Mary, I believe I'll take the key, for I might have trouble in finding it when I get home."

"Yes," said his wife, "and you'd better take the keyhole, too?" "Lyre."

#### The Language of Gifts.

"What does it mean when a prince gives a ballet-dancer a diamond necklace?"

"It probably means that he has married an American heiress." — Exchange.

A Yorkshire socialist, who was once explaining to a friend the principles of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the socialist. "And if you had two cows, would you do the same?" "Of course," I should." "Well, supposing now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one of them?" "Eh! tha's gettin' over near home," said the other, shyly; "tha knows I've got two pigs."

Edith—Yes; you see she told the count that her father's partner had robbed him of nearly all his wealth, just to test his love for her.

Mayme—And then?

Edith—he asked her for a letter of introduction to the daughter of her father's partner.—Chicago "News."

Newcastle—Was there any romance connected with your engagement?—Ingerfield—Romance? I proposed to her at 8.45 and she accepted me precisely at 9.15—Detroit "Free Press."

"That fellow," said Alfred Henry Lewis, the other day, when a certain well-known Tammany man was mentioned, "puts up a good bluff, but there is nothing to him. Open the front door and you are in his back yard."

#### TO SINGERS—

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The genial writer of Musical Notes in the Birmingham "Daily Gazette," in commenting upon the suggestion of eight well-tempered dogs who would bark the scale, says, "But why only eight? Why not a round dozen to bark the chromatic

scale?" Quite so. But, should there be any difficulty in obtaining twelve qualified barkists, recourse may be had to the farm-yard by inducing a dozen lusty birds to cock-a-doodle-doo the "crown-a-scale." "Eggsactly!" will be the natural exclamation of our friend yolked to the Birmingham "Daily Gazette."

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## Princess Alice of Albany.

MORE than one great foreign marriage was discussed for Princess Alice of Albany, and many people expected that, as her brother had turned German in order to succeed to the Duchy of Coburg, the sister would also become a personage in the Fatherland, with every advantage save one, that of retaining some shred of personal liberty. What with Teuton court etiquette and the heavy, all-pervading Hohenzollern thumb, the Princess would have had to suppress her own individuality and be quite subservient to relations-in-law and the many regulations framed for consorts of German princes.

The marriage she is about to make with Prince Alexander of Teck, the youngest son of a popular and much-lamented British princess, allows her to remain in the land of her birth. King Edward may well have been gratified on hearing of the betrothal, as it is advisable in the interests of his grandchildren of Wales that their uncles of Teck should give them creditable aunts-in-law, and in this instance the fiancee of Prince Alexander is a royal highness, born a princess of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Duchess of Albany, who has had to spend some time in Germany attending to her son's interests, will live more in future in England, where she is so deservedly beloved. As regards money matters, the country does nothing for the young couple, as they are not included among nationally-endowed highnesses, but rich connections will doubtless help them to set up housekeeping in moderate style.

The Princess Alice of Albany has had a quiet girlhood, but it has made her very far from dull. She cannot compete with her cousins "Eva" or Patricia in the boisterous vivacity which they display when they are among young people of their own age. But she is very bright and winsome, and is certainly sprightlier than her Dutch cousin Wilhelmina was before her marriage. Never having known a father's love, she has had to rely upon her devoted mother for her insight into the mystery of life, yet it will always be to the credit of the widowed Duchess that she sank her own feelings and ambitions, and made herself as much an elder sister as possible to both her heirs.

The bride-to-be is one of the most cultivated women of her rank and station. One of the first books to be put into her hands when she reached years of intelligence was "Sesame and Lilies," and the title of this charming creation of the genius of John Ruskin is in itself a parable, a description of her life. For she desires to be both useful and ornamental, a blessing to her generation, and a worthy figure in the social history of our time. She has a brilliant future, and will go far.

## What a Difference!

There was a young lady named Maude, Who said she was "awfully bored," For all men she hated. Both single and mated— But in the dark corners—Good Lawd!

## Why the Other Women Hate the "Man's Woman."

All young men and some old men who ought to know better are convinced that women hate the "man's woman" because the men like her. But as a rule, those qualities which make a person popular attract men and women alike, and there are girls who hold the general and equal affection of all the women as well as all the men of their acquaintance.

The usual "man's woman" is detested by other girls because they know her. It is not natural for a girl to be a "man's woman," and to attain that character she has to play many parts and be all things to all men. The "man's woman," as a rule, is insincere. She goes out of her way and practices unwomanly arts to attract men for whom she cares nothing, but whose attendance feeds her vanity. When in company with girls, no men being present, the "man's woman" delights in humiliating and insulting other women. The "man's woman" can be very mean and waspish when she deems it safe to be sincere. But when men come in, she becomes gracious and benignant to the same woman whom, perhaps, a moment before, she was taunting and stinging. A man, seeing her generous manner to these other women, attributes to jealousy the hatred with which she is regarded by his sisters.

Men, especially young men, are generally poor judges of women at first sight. They pick out the showy, shallow girls who talk fluently and sing college songs, and they see nothing in quieter bodies who, perhaps, possess better minds and hearts than more ostentatious and more popular girls. If only the poor fools of men who whisper confidences into the ear of the "man's woman," and write silly letters to her, could hear the goddess repeating their secrets and reading their letters aloud to crowds of giggling girls, if the deluded men could behold the "man's woman" mimicking them to whole rooms full of other women, they would moderate their admiration for her.

The art of the "man's woman" consists in making each man believe that he is the one particular man, her nearest intimate and dearest friend. This involves a certain amount of hypocrisy. To other women there is a note of falsehood in every tone of the "man's woman." Women know one another to the core. They read one another by intuition, while man has to learn them by the painful method of practical experience.

But sooner or later, each individual man finds out the "man's woman" and quits her. That is her punishment and the other women's vindication. One by one the men that hung about her have had their eyes opened. Sometimes this operation is painful to them, sometimes it is a trifling incident in their lives. They go their several ways, wiser, and marry the girls that the "man's woman" has snubbed and derided. And when she sees thirty drawing near and herself still unwed, the "man's woman" often marries some silly boy in a hurry, before he has had time to think, and retires from the field amid laughter.

A curate once smote at a tee, And threw his new club up a tree, Saying, "Fie! My! Oh dear!!! I must give up, I fear, Either golf or the Minstrels!" Ethel Watts Mumford.

## The Habitants.

It is a little world of its own, French Canada. Outside its limits there is nought worthy of consideration. And it is a beautiful world. A world of forests, dark and sweet-scented; of broad-boomed rivers and flashing mountain streams. A world of snug homes and kindly cures, of little fenced gardens and big fenced fields. A world that wakes with white dawns, and works from the moment the red sun gilds the village spire till the spire's cracked bell tinkles the Angelus. Horn-handled, bowed-backed, hard-faced and simple-minded are the people of this world, earning their living by the sweat of their brow year in and year out without question or complaint. Content to till and harvest as their fathers did before them; happy to live the life, hopeful to die the death, of their class and kind, such is the way of les Habitants.

Whether they love England little or much; whether or not they look askance at an Imperialism unifying the aspirations of—to them—an alien race; whether and however their ideals are grounded, or their conscious efforts directed, they are none the less excellent citizens of Canada, and helpful, however unwillingly or unconsciously, in the building up of Greater Britain. They are an atomic survival of mediaevalism. Their laws, their customs, their very speech are relics of another age. The grand seigneur, with his high rights, passed not more swiftly in France than did the Rods of the Midi—that hungry, heroic crowd—in their march northward.

Untouched by the bloody shear that worked a frenzied people's will; intimidated by no loaded tumbrel, jolting a pallid aristocracy to destruction, the grand seigneur is to-day a person—in Quebec. Perhaps he profited by example, and perchance his right of pillory, pit and gallows, and others more unspeakable, are as so many shadows; perhaps he has grown bourgeois, and instead of exercising his lordly will to remove the popular grievance, he writes to the newspapers—but there is sufficient of the old sieur left to be remarkable.

As to loyalty to Great Britain—bear with me while I sound the Habitants. What is patriotism?" asked my Habitant. "Love for your country," answered I, unthinkingly, "and a readiness to sacrifice, if needs be, your life at her need." The Habitant looked a little puzzled. This, said he in effect, is my country. Here was I born, as was my father before. Here are my children and my grandchildren. I know these lakes, these woods, these fields, as I know my own garden. My grandfather fought for this land, driving out the Yankees in 1812, while I carried my rifle in the Fenian invasion. I speak French, but France is not my home. I live under the British flag, but England is nothing to me. I am a Canadian first and last, and if he who loves his country best is the finest patriot, then there is no greater patriot than I."

Briefly, this is the attitude of French Canada. It is actively loyal to Canada, it is not actively disloyal to Great Britain. "Canada first" is its motto. Only there really no second, absolutely none. If you can understand a position for Quebec, with an apathy for the rest of Canada, and an attitude of supreme indifference toward the remainder of the British Empire, not to say the civilized world, you can understand the French-Canadian and place him at his value. He is not an Imperialist, he represents a "Rule Britannia" loyalist; he represents an isolated parochialism at its best and worst; he is an anachronism, a bit of the seventeenth century living on the fringe of the twentieth. And whilst, he is rather lovable; if his outlook is narrow, his humanity is broad; if his ideas are small, his heart is large. I like the Habitant—Toronto, forgive me!—on first acquaintance he is pleasing. Perhaps if he had to live alongside him all my life—. But, then, I have not—Edgar Wallace in London "Daily Mail."

## Curious Epitaphs.

While we were talking of epitaphs on shipboard the other night, Captain Passow repeated lines that are engraved upon the tombstone of Nellie Shaler, who for half a century baked pies and cakes at Cambridge, England, and pedaled them among the students of the university:

Here in the dust the mouldering crust Of Eleanor Shaler is shoven.  
Well versed in the art of pie, pastry and tart

And the lucrative skill of the oven,  
When she'd lived long enough she made her last puff,

A puff by her husband much praised:  
Now here she doth lie, and makes a dirt pie,

In hopes that her dust may be raised.

This epitaph is said to have been written by a famous doctor of divinity when he was a student at Cambridge. Captain W. H. Williams contributed the following, which he found in a cemetery on the Island of Jamaica:

Here lies the bodies of two sisters dear,  
One is buried in Ireland, and the other  
is buried here.

Which reminds me of a tombstone at Monson, Mass., which reads:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Round,  
Who was lost at sea and never found.

Near by, in the same cemetery, is the joint tomb of three wives of a farmer who formerly resided at that place. His first wife was originally buried in the neighboring village of Palmer, and during the removal of her remains a portion was lost. The bereaved husband, being a very exact and accurate man, would permit no deception even in an epitaph, so after the stone was erected he had carved upon it the following:

Here lies the dust  
Of the second and third wives of  
William Blount  
And part of his first.

Joseph F. Auerbach, the eminent New York lawyer, who is engaged in the litigation over the street car franchises in Chicago, and who, if it is much more prolonged, will be able to vote in the cemetery, told us of a monument in the cemetery at Rockville Center, a Long Island village, erected in memory of a number of sailors who were lost in the wreck of the schooner "Bristol" of Mexico on that coast some time in the fifties.

A curate once smote at a tee, And threw his new club up a tree, Saying, "Fie! My! Oh dear!!! I must give up, I fear, Either golf or the Minstrels!" Ethel Watts Mumford.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

There are several inscriptions, one testifying to the liberality of the citizens of the town of Hempstead in providing a plot of ground, the dimensions of which are given, for the interment of the bodies. Another inscription reports the fact that the expenses of the burial were paid from money found on the bodies of the deceased, supplemented by funds contributed by charitable citizens of the town. The third is purely sentimental, and has nothing to do with the finances. It was written by the village poet, and reads:

Beneath this monument doth sleep The bodies of those that crossed the deep;  
Instead of being landed safe on shore On a cold, frosty morning they all were no more.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

## When Morgan's Money Talked.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan rarely indulges in speech-making. On one occasion, however, says the "Saturday Evening Post," he made a palpable hit in an after-dinner effort. The affair was a banquet to celebrate the successful and long-continued pastorate of the well-known Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York.

Mr. Morgan had been prevailed on to act as toastmaster, with the understanding, however, that no speech was to be expected from him. When the cigar-and-story point of the dinner was reached Mr. Morgan touched off each speaker by a simple "naming of his name." But the diners grew impatient, and finally the prevailing sentiment expressed itself in cries of "Speech! Speech!" and significant glances at the head of the table.

Mr. Morgan, whose genius for mastery is only equaled by his tact in yielding a point, rose and began to describe how Dr. Rainsford had been induced to come to the church. He told of the doubt and the hesitation.

"Would he come or would he not come?" said Mr. Morgan. "And what would he say?"

At this period in his speech Mr. Morgan became slightly embarrassed, and thrust his hand deep down in the pocket of his trousers, where it encountered and jingled some silver currency.

"What would cause him to decide to come to our church?" repeated Mr. Morgan, and again came the answering jingle of the coin, audible to every diner in the room. Then, with a final tinkle of money, Mr. Morgan went on hastily: "So Dr. Rainsford decided to come."

The reference to the call and acceptance, with this implied side-light on the cause that prevailed, was too much for the guests, and the best laugh of the evening was equally on the rector and the toastmaster.

## The Queer Beggar Boys of Calcutta.

Of all the street arabs of the world's big cities, those of Calcutta are the most peculiar in their ways.

The majority of the Calcutta arabs live on the streets, and seldom know the shelter of a roof. Late at night, when the traveler goes along the streets he will find the walks on both sides of him filled with the prostrate forms of sleeping vagabonds, most of them boys.

When the coolie boy of Calcutta is old enough to walk, he is shoved out into the world to earn his own living. Usually he begins by begging. These boy beggars have peculiar ways of plying their trade. Almost naked, they will run beside a cab or an omnibus containing white men, crying:

"Buckseesh, sahib; buckseesh, sahib; no got mother, sahib; no got father, sahib; no got aunt or uncle, sahib; no got brother or sister, sahib; me poor orphan, sahib; me very hungry, sahib; no got rice, no got banana, sahib; buckseesh, sahib."

And all the time he will be slapping his stomach to signify its emptiness. Some boys have done this so long that on their right sides they have large, round spots where the skin has become toughened from continual slapping, and is as hard as the palm of a laboring man.

They have a peculiar way of striking with their hands which gives the blow a hollow sound, like hitting an empty barrel.

In the big markets of Calcutta you find crowds of boys who carry large empty baskets on their turbaned heads. They earn their living by carrying your purchases for you while you shop. Almost all the traders in the stalls began their careers in that manner.

## The Editorial Valuation.



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Ethel—A penny for your thoughts.  
Poet—Gad! you talk like an editor.

## The Collecting Mania.

The stamp collector is probably the worst offender; but there are innumerable others. One ass's bray is sometimes louder than another's. There are people above the age of twelve who apparently make a point of rushing from place to place in Europe, in order to send each other postcards with pictures on them, and no room to write. This is a delectable entertainment for the young, no doubt; but I understand the aged indulge in it, and proudly exhibit piles of trophies gathered from innumerable fields within the Postal Union. This is the last weakness of ignoble minds, and one is prepared for anything thereafter.

Cards have in some way a sort of excuse in themselves, if the collectors, that is, really understand anything about them. And collections of pictures also might be tolerated if collectors hung them on their walls and admired them. But the man who buys his pictures to stack them in his cellars has passed from the dignity of the connoisseur to the shamelessness of the collector, and deserves no ruth.

It is the same with prints and jewels. These things are valuable, or, at any rate, interesting enough in themselves; but they must needs be rendered infinitely costly and deadly uninteresting by the collector.

The cult of first editions is even more ignoble than that of rare prints. It is a commercial matter, in which the crudity and folly of the collector make the market price. It is not sentiment that moves the collector of these things, for he will exchange or sell his boasted Dickens or Scotts for other volumes by other authors which he considers more precious. He is actuated wholly by this abominable mania. Dealers know it, and grin in their sleeves, so to speak, and batton on him, until they, too, become infected by the disease, and so the madness goes round.

I am told that there is a fortunate man in England who is the glorious possessor of four hundred odd portable dials. Think of it! Think of how much he could do with four hundred odd portable sundials. And the reason that he took to sundialing was that his family collected everything else collectable that he could think of! It is an illustrious position, and must lend dignity to any common mortal.

It is a well-known fact that collecting dulls the moral faculties and prevents a proper realization of the demerits between meum and tuum. I have known philatelists play the most

abominable tricks in what is known, I believe, as "swaps;" and it is notorious that you cannot trust a china ornament to a china maniac. But the craze for china is more or less decent in comparison with more unwholesome manias. The latest development is that tobacco merchants are pandering to this debased taste by stimulating the collection of gaudy picture-cards for cigarette-boxes. This is already demoralizing our youth. It is a pity someone will not collect collectors—and dispose of them.

—H. B. Marriott-Watson.

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By Stanley Weyman By Robert Barr By Paul Leicester Ford By Max Pemberton

clud my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship, very bluntly, that I am, yours, etc."

The artificiality here is too manifest and intentional and innocent to give offence. Not all of us know so well how and when to lift pen from paper.

"George," said the little girl to her brother as she looked up from the paper she was reading, "it says here that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."

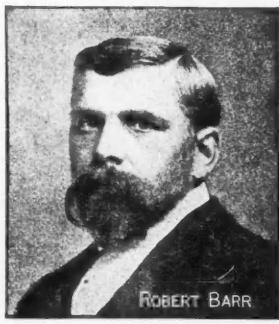
"Youth."



**S**INCE the twenty-fifth of December belongs especially to the small people, the books over which they flounce may be bent, deserve first place. There is a wee green volume, "The Story of Little Black Mingo," published by William Tyrrell & Co., that ought to please any childlike imagination with its wonderful adventures and its grotesque pictures, wherein the dusky hero "Mingo" usually figures. Other interesting volumes from the same Toronto firm are three small books published in London, England, "The Daisy," "A New Riddle Book" and "The Cow-slip," bearing dates 1807, 1811 and 1778. The queer cover, with splashes of yellow, blue and red, the quaint little cuts of long ago and the serious verse make these little books decidedly interesting.

William Briggs has placed on the Canadian market a new story, "The O'Ruddy," on which Stephen Crane and Robert Barr collaborated. It is a sort of "Charles O'Malley" up-to-date—plenty of fighting, tumult and shouting furnishing lively entertainment for the reader.

The world expects an exciting story from Max Pemberton, and in this respect, the world is not disappointed in his latest book, "Doctor Xavier," which is published by the Copp, Clark Company. We should be seriously concerned when the innocent English girl, Esther Venn, falls into the power of the mysterious and hypnotic Spaniard and is whisked off to a home of Oriental luxury were we not convinced that she will



ROBERT BARR

come unharmed out of it all. The villain is, as often happens, the most interesting character in the whole scene, and we should like to meet the wicked Xavier again and find out more about his weird experiments. We are assured that he is killed in Cadi, but Sherlock Holmes and other dead heroes have come back to life and are leading us a dance in the popular magazines. Wherefore, we may expect that such a delightfully bad person as Francisco Xavier may be only temporarily indisposed.

"The Plowshare and the Sword" is a tale of Old Quebec, by Ernest George Hemingway. The story covers a period of ten stormy years (1637-1647), and shows us the passion for conquest that possessed English, Dutch and French alike. Fighting and love flash and smile from every chapter; and it is fierce fighting and ardent love whose course we strive to follow. Modern fiction is more than filled with fencing contests. But the chapter, "Swordcraft," is worth reading, even in these days of the would-be historical novel. The little band of Englishmen was sadly scattered before the close of the story, and it was well to find the hero and heroine happy and comfortable at last in old Virginia. The early days of Quebec seem to form material for any number of romances. Not least among them is this tale of "The Plowshare and the Sword" (the Copp, Clark Company).

"The Art of the Pitti Palace," by Julia de Wolf Addison, is a book that will make an instant appeal to the lover of the historic and the beautiful. The book might almost be a treatise on Italian art, for the gallery contains gems from Fra Angelico and Botticelli, and the "somewhat degenerate art of Rosa, Reni and Dolci." There are so clear and soft in impression that the reader gets some conception of the wealth and worth of the great gallery. The most familiar of these are Cigoli's "Ecce Homo," Andrea del Sarto's "Annunciation," Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," and Raphael's

"The Heart of Rome" is the title of a story by Lilla Nease, a young Canadian lady, which will, in a few days, issue from the press of William Briggs. The scene is laid partly in Ontario and partly in New York. A very pretty romance is developed.

From the Copp, Clark Company comes an artistic illustrated catalogue, which shows a wide range of new publications by writers, ancient and modern.

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's "Nineteenth Century" article on "The Deleterious Effect of Americanization Upon Woman," which has attracted so much notice and has been read with mixed emotions by Americans, is published entire in the "Living Age" for December 5.

A calendar for 1904 designed by the Toronto Art League is published by the Musson Book Company. The illustrations are by such well-known artists as Thomson, Manly, Goode and Jefferys, and the calendar is a Canadian souvenir that will make an attractive gift for an exile from the Land of the Maple.

Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals figure so largely in current news and discussion that a good many Americans must be glad to have an opportunity to learn from Mr. Chamberlain himself just what they are and by what arguments

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not used.

Pumpkin Pie—So you have a great time in Indiana standing up for your own Canada? Well, see you do not weary in doing so, if your patriotism runs that way. I can't recall any place in the United States I've ever seen to make up Canada's cudgel, but then patriotism whose patriotism consists in belittling other countries doesn't seem to come my way. So glad you enjoy "Saturday Night." You are genuine, unless graphology lies. You are good, though not perfect, and have a good deal of tact, are not apt to keep a secret, have a pleasant temper, clear and logical thought, some facility of expression and considerable care for detail. And you are very much at home in society. There is some social consciousness, less than you would like to have, but you are quite good at it. You are good at business, and are probably never quite so good as you are at home. You are good at home, and have a good deal of tact, are not apt to keep a secret, have a pleasant temper, clear and logical thought, some facility of expression and considerable care for detail. And you are very much at home in society. There is some social consciousness, less than you would like to have, but you are quite good at it. You are good at business, and are probably never quite so good as you are at home. You are good at home, and have a good deal of tact, are not apt to keep a secret, have a pleasant temper, clear and logical thought, some facility of expression and considerable care for detail. And you are very much at home in society. There is some social consciousness, less than you would like to have, but you are quite good at it. You are good at business, and are probably never quite so good as you are at home. 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**We Have an Idea--**

That you will be delighted with our splendid showing of **MEN'S FIXINGS** for the Holiday trade.

**UMBRELLAS, NECK WRAPS, NECK SQUARES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SILK AND FANCY SUSPENDERS, (one pair in a box) HOSIERY, GLOVES--(SILK AND FUR LINED), NECKWEAR OF ALL KINDS, and enough of it to delight the heart of the most particular. SMOKING JACKETS and hosts of other things that will make useful Christmas Gifts.**

**WE** haven't forgotten the boys either, and every boy customer from now till Christmas will receive a useful gift as a memento of his visit to our store.

**Shop Early.**

**OAK HALL**  
TORONTO'S BEST CLOTHIERS  
115 King Street East  
Opp. St. James' Cathedral.  
J. Coombes, Manager.

A "BOECKH" BROOM for a Clean Sweep

All Good Grocers sell Boeckh's Bam-boos-Handled Brooms.

**GIFT THINGS**  
Such as—  
Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Lorgnettes, Magnifying Glasses, Microscopes, Thermometers, Magic Lanterns, Kodaks, etc.

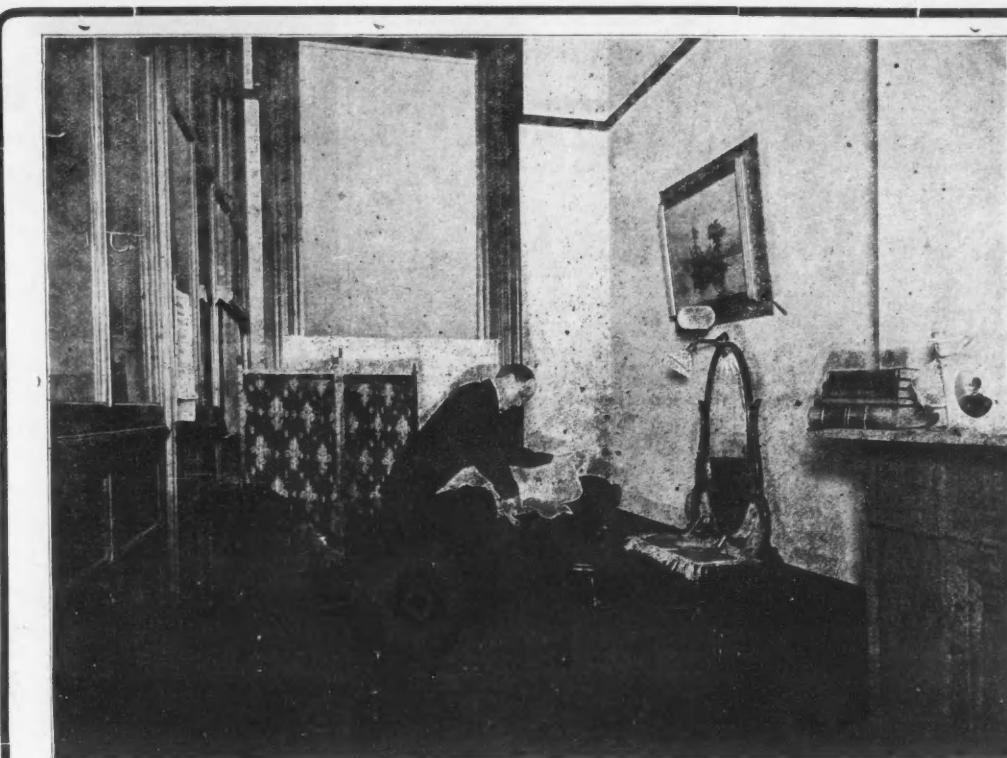
**CHAS. POTTER** Optician,  
85 Yonge St.

trance human bones were disinterred together with military buttons, bullets, etc. It is thought that this was a trench in which the dead had been buried when the fort was taken in 1813. As I listened to the tales of the veterans the stirring scenes of 1812-14 rose before me. York at this time was garrisoned by about six hundred regulars and militia, and the "Americans" crossed the lake from Sackett's Harbor and effected a landing about half a mile west of the site of old Fort Rouille. Here Major Givens, with a company of Glengarry militia, and twenty-five Indians, annoyed the "Americans" for some time, until forced by superior numbers to fall back. His main force having landed, General Pike moved steadily forward, every foot of the way being contested by the small body of the British that could be spared from the batteries. Overpowered at last, the little band was forced behind its defences. The first line of these was taken, and Pike's force had advanced within two hundred yards of the second line when the fire of the battery in front of him suddenly ceased. He halted, thinking no doubt that silence meant surrender, but the next moment a terrific explosion shook the ground beneath their feet, and the column of the "American" column was literally blown into the air. Two hundred of the invading force were killed or wounded, General Pike being among the latter. A British artillery sergeant had fired the powder magazine to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The place was surrendered, but soon after evacuated. If the present plans are carried out, the Old Fort will be handed over to the city authorities, to be maintained as a park.

FREDERICK E. EARL.

## Topics for Sunday Newspapers.

Should Caesar have crossed the Rubicon? (To be solved by algebra.) Do nightmares permanently affect the brain? What is the proper bust measure of a woman of sixty? If bacilli were unknown, would there be fewer insane asylums?

**OSTÉOPATHY**

The basic principle of Osteopathy is that if the human organism is in perfect health every body tissue and structure performs its part without interruption, the body structure representing the framework upon which the other tissues of the body are built and to which they are attached. Hence Osteopathy makes use of the bone framework in establishing landmarks for physical examination and as a means of restoring misplaced parts of the body. Hence the bones become the basis of operative manipulation, so that Osteopathic manipulation is not to cure the bones, but represents the medium of therapeutic operation, just as water is the medium through which heat and cold are applied therapeutically in hydrotherapy.

All Forms of Chronic Diseases Successfully Treated.

Literature Sent on Application.

Consultation Free.

**ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O.**  
48 Canada Life Building, King Street West

The heat of how many bodies is required to run a steam engine? Is marriage essential to culture? Do mosquitoes think? Would Mormonism be popular in New York? Could Adam have foreseen the present social disturbances? Do brain cells multiply in celibacy? How near to the mouth of Mt. Pelée could we broil a steak? Was Solomon really happy? How many pulse beats should the bride's heart register on her wedding-day? If Anne is 27, when did her parents marry? (To be solved by algebra.) Do nightmares permanently affect the brain? With the coming of flying machines will Fifth avenue lose its popularity as a thoroughfare? P. S.—For the benefit of publishers it can be stated that the phenomenal increase of circulation of the Sunday edition of the Bugtown "Bugle" is due to the genius of its managing editor, formerly head-keeper of Dr. Offcolor's Asylum for the Cracked and Queered.

## May a Wife Patch Union Trousers?

The central labor union of Philadelphia has taken under advisement a question of prodigious import to men who insist upon time-honored, if unwritten, corollaries to the marriage contract. It is brought before the union laborers of Philadelphia that a great infringement on the license of the label is committed by wives who patch the marital trouser. It is urged that the domestic thimble deprives the union tailor of his prerogative, that upon the seat of the federated trades pantaloons it is unseemly to view an unauthorized emendation. From the reports of the debate one learns that

certain men defended their economical wives, contending that the domestic patch was allowable under the strictest reading of the law, hotly averring that the conjugal rehabilitation of the wage-earner's inexpressible was not only customary, but a fundamental office. From the other side the tailors laid charges at the housewife's door of depriving the journeyman of his compensation, and of annulling before the hearthstone the solemn pledge of her husband. The central labor union seems to look upon the tailors' protest as worthy of full consideration. Possibly this may mean the doom of the voluminously tailed coat affected by the Philadelphian on a Sunday, it being enacted that its graceful folds are too likely to conceal an illegitimate patch. In time, let hard-working women pray, an embargo will be fixed on non-union darning of the foraminous sock.

**Barley Purity**

The best malting barley in the world is grown in certain favored localities of Western Ontario.

All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

Common grade ales, insufficiently aged, are heavy and taste sour, which causes headaches and biliousness to the consumer. Carling's Ale is aged for six months before being marketed.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

**Carling's Ale**

**The Ale that's Always Pure**



There is a rich freshness to Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese that is peculiarly its own, and comes from perfect purity and careful cleanliness in making.

This distinctive flavor, rich color and buttery texture is found only in

### **Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese**

It comes in a dainty opal jar which protects its purity and flavor. It is the original Canadian Cheese to be packed in this way and though many makers have closely imitated the package, none have nearly reached the quality and flavor of the cheese.

Look for the name on the opal jar.

Prices 10c., 25c., 50c., and 90c.

**INGERSOLL PACKING CO.**  
Ingersoll, Ont.

#### Social and Personal.

Miss Harvey tells me that her scheme for forming a pad calendar to send Miss Rhona Adair for a New Year's remembrance of her Canadian friends is owing to the interest taken by them, turning out a great success. This is at once a tribute to the champion and to Miss Harvey of an unmistakable nature. Miss Harvey has had her own pleasure and amusement in looking over the leaflets sent in, some of which are delightfully original and funny.

The Rugby dance has grown from modest beginnings to be a function in which Society is annually showing more and more interest. Last week's dance in the "Varsity Gym was quite a success, and a very large and smart attendance, with the Government House party at the head, was on hand for the opening quadrille. The music and floor are always good, and the stewards most attentive. Beside the "Varsity faculty there are not many older folk in evidence, a perfect avalanche of young people, men in shorts and the prettiest imaginable girls always turning up for Rugby dance. Sporty decorations and a nice supper in a bright, comfortable and spacious room, are always features of the evening, and on Thursday were as usual. Mrs. Mortimer Clark graciously patronized the affair, accompanied by Miss Clark and Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C. Apart from a slight over-crowding, which young folks never seem to notice, there was not a suggestion possible to improve the comfort and enjoyment of the guests.

The entertainment which is on the tapis for some time next month in aid of the operating room fund of the Hospital of St. John the Divine, has three able sponsors in the persons of Mrs. G. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Grayson Smith, and Mrs. Macmillan. When the programme is definitely arranged I shall have more to say about it.

The sudden attack of blood poisoning which laid Mr. Aylesworth low was a great shock to his wife and all the friends of each, who were much relieved to find that prompt care and skilled nursing checked the attack and only kept Mr. Aylesworth in for four or five days.

The buds go on contributing one more to the bouquet every few days. Miss Nesta Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, is one of the latest debutantes. We have not had the same rush of young things as early last year, but by the New Year there will be a fair showing of the attractive young creatures. Miss Sankey, tall and handsome, much resembling her mother (nee Ponson) Miss Gwen Darling of Ravensmount, a very sweet, bright girl; Miss Muriel Baldwin, Miss Jean Graham and Miss Leono Dennis, a trio of fair girls who have already had plenty of fun out of their first month in the social whirl; Miss Marjorie Arnould, a very delightful girl, outdoor and indoor pastime appealing equally to her; Miss Charlotte Phillips, one of the late November debutantes, whom I carelessly enough to call by her sister's name last week, and whose debut was "a time of roses"; Miss Mary Morison, a lovely little lady, full of charm in face and manner; Miss Blair Burrows (almost the first of the debutantes this fall), who came out at the Victoria Ball; Miss Susie Cassells, for whom the jeunesse dorée turned out in gay welcome at McConkey's, and danced till the milkman was going his rounds; Miss Norton Beatty, one of the few girls from the East Side to come out this fall; Miss Ruby Reynolds, who was presented at a very smart tea at McConkey's in October; Miss Ralph, who also was presented at a tea at her home in St. Vincent street, are some of the new beauties and bright young girls who will

add interest and attractiveness to their respective circles. I hear Miss Allie Rust, of Rosedale is making her debut next week, and after this week's dances at Government House there will probably be a few more to chronicle. Of last year's bouquet one or two are already married off, three or more are engaged, and others are looking suspiciously like it. The shortest debut on record in my memory was that of Miss Adele Falconbridge, who was engaged, married and off to Europe within seven or eight months of her presentation to society. A very handsome debutante of last year is now engaged, but I have been strictly forbidden to tell on her. Another has been warmly wooed at least twice, but is not to be inveigled into matrimony until she is quite sure "Mr. Right" has come. So runs the record of our girls up to date.

Miss Frances Gibson, daughter of Senator W. Gilson, of Beamsville, and Mr. John Jennings of Toronto are to be married in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Rust are residing in their new home in Admirals road, No. 29, where Mrs. Rust receives on the second and fourth Fridays.

Miss Florence Marshall is visiting her fiance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins of Heath street, Deer Park.

Miss Hiam of Montreal, who has been visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller, returned home early this week.

One of the jolliest dinners of the month was given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson last Saturday evening to a small party of intimate friends. The table was very prettily decorated with white "mums" and deep red carnations, and the details of the little feast charmingly carried out.

The committee in charge of the dance to be given by the officers and members of the Argonaut Rowing Club have decided on the Temple building for Friday evening, January 8th. Those who were present last year at this club's "At Home" will remember what a jolly time they had. An excellent orchestra will furnish the music.

Another dainty little hostess received a houseful of friends for tea for the first time since her occupancy of a residence in "Bride's Terrace," as the quaint row in Elgin avenue was christened two years ago. Mrs. J. Kerr Brodie was the hostess of one of Monday's jointest teas, where the guests were almost all young matrons and girl friends of Mrs. Brodie, and a very intimate and congenial time they enjoyed. The soft light of any number of wax candles set in sconces on the walls, in candelabra on the pretty little tea-table, and in candlesticks elsewhere, made all the pretty women look prettier and everyone look their best. Mrs. Brodie is petite and animated and was most sweetly gowned in cream white with some handsome lace, and received at the entrance to a bijou drawing room, where Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Bondar assisted her. The dining room was arranged as a tea-room, and in the hall a pretty cosy corner held for half an hour a bevy of bright women chattering on a score of fascinating topics. Some fine mousies centered the tea-table and the ladies in charge were Mrs. W. Bright, looking very lovely in a charming gown and hat; Mrs. Shirley Denison, as sweet and graceful a lady as ever plied a willing guest with dainties; Mrs. Fred Somerville and Mrs. Pearce, Miss Spink, sister of the hostess, Miss Annesley, who has lately returned from England, and Miss Johnston. Some of the guests were: Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lola Henderson, Miss Lillie Lee, Miss Reed, the Misses MacMurphy, Miss Widdifield, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Fairweather, Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. Harry Bourlier, Mrs. Tidhope and Mrs. Findlay, three charming brides; Mrs. R. Scott, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, and Miss Eckart; Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Dick Southam, Mrs. Kent, Miss Milligan, Miss Nelson. It was only a "babby wee" little tea, said the pretty hostess of about a hundred guests, and will probably be followed by one or two more. Mrs. Brodie having the kindness to entertain her friends "en menage" instead of "en menagerie." Mrs. Pearce, who assisted in the tea-room, is a comparative newcomer from Los Angeles, and another mistress of a home in the prettily named terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston have removed to their new home in Cluny avenue, Rosedale, where Mrs. Houston will receive next year.

Margaret Anglin is coming next week.

Judging photographs from any standpoint from which a fastidious public is likely to give them criticism, the work from the Rosevear studio can take a place alongside of the best work of the best photographic artists in the world, and that with no discredit to it. There's an excellence about Rosevear's photographs that puts them in the truly artistic class.

#### Old Man Hogan on the New Amateur Sport.

"THE latest amachoo sport among th' millionaires," said Old Man Hogan, "is playin' them are poor. Th' fad was started by Andy Carnegie, who says he's in trainin' for th' day when he gets all his fortune give away an' raytives with a beggarly tin or twenty millions to spin his last years in dayent an' semi-raytivable poverty. If Andy keeps up th' game will be sure to be popular among our very best people an' in a season or two will take th' place of golfus as th' leadin' society amusement."

"But Andy's havin' a hard time of it.

His reputation is against him. Whin he leaves Scalp Castle without a cent in his pocket an' th' conductor starts to thrum him off th' streetcar for not payin' his fare there's always somebody recognizin' him by his pictur in th' pa-papers an' insists on lendin' him a couple av hundred pounds for pocket money. If he walks into a quick-lunch joint and modestly orders three sinkers an' wan in th' dark th' prisdin' av local library board, who's sittin' on th' next stool, is sure to sin over a cut av mince pie an' some cranberry puffs, with th' suggestion that a new buildin' for storin' books that nobody reads is th' eryin' want av th' municipality.

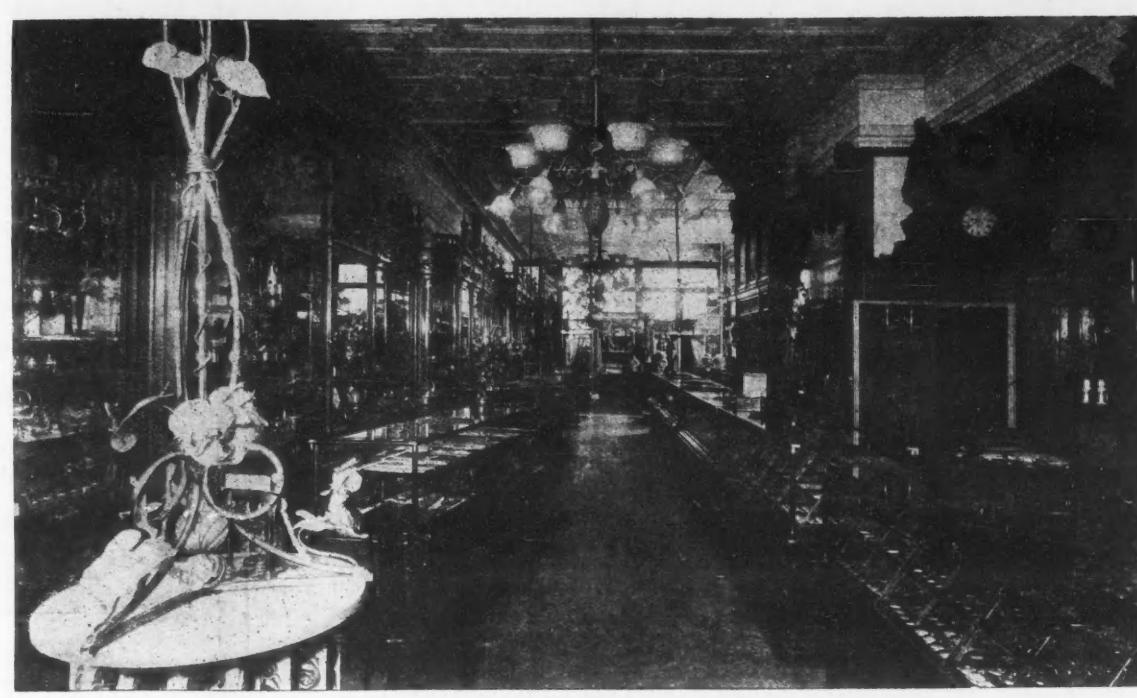
Mrs. Harold Senkler, "Hartington," Vancouver, gave a "coming out" ball for her niece, Miss Morgan of Ottawa, November 26th.

Mrs. Anna Hinds and her daughter Viola are the guests of Mr. D'Arcy Hinds, 116 Augusta avenue.

The Toronto Engineers have postponed

## CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS This Year Will Prove a Good Investment.

B. & H. B. Kent's Palatial Diamond and Jewelry interior, reputed to be the most handsomely appointed sales-rooms in the Dominion of Canada.



Ground floor occupied exclusively by high-grade jewelry commodities and their accessories.

#### OUR UNIQUE POSITION AS TO DIAMOND VALUES.

Not during recent years has there been opportunity equal to the present, whereby a foretelling of impending prices might be with some degree of confidence claimed; and at no period extending over the forty-old years of our diamond experience, have we felt more justified in advising our patrons to serious reflection in the matter of their prospective diamond wants. The controlling influences of the world's diamond output have again caused a stiffening of prices, and whilst there may not be cause for immediate alarm, in due time an upward tendency of prices will, undoubtedly, take place. Our direct communication with the leading diamond centers of Europe, serves as a silent but strong factor in instructing us when and how to stock diamonds to the best advantage. It places us in the same desirable position as that which only the resident and local European diamond dealer enjoys who buys at first cost. Our periodical purchases are made in large quantities, and at cash payment quotations, which enables us to buy at the closest margin of cost, and sell at the closest margin of percentage. If it were not for the unique position we occupy in the affairs of the diamond situation in this regard, we would be compelled to ask the ruling prices set from time to time for the Canadian market, which are always higher than our prices. Throughout all these years, in the selling of diamonds, we have made "quality" the guiding star of our endeavors. Every stone leaving our establishment has the seal of "highest quality" an assured feature as a part of its purchase. We claim the largest stock of unset diamonds and diamond jewelry shown by any single jewelry establishment in Canada, and as diamonds enter Canada free of duty, the inducements which our prices and assortments make feasible, places diamond buyers here in close touch with minimum prices. We believe the present to be a decidedly opportune time to become the possessor of "the sparkling gem," as the future may ultimately prove. This is stated advisedly, many believing the present time as the closing days of closest buying. Whether so or not, we respectfully invite an inspection of our selections, to any who are interestedly concerned in beautiful and rare diamond designs.

**B. & H. B. KENT, THE Leading Canadian Diamond Merchants, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto**

their dance from the 8th to the 15th of January. This is their third annual dance and will be held in the University gymnasium.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week at the home of Mr. Isaac J. Gould, M.P., Uxbridge, his second daughter, Miss Adda N., was married to Mr. Donald H. Douglas of Chatham. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Cockburn of Toronto, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. R. Fraser of Uxbridge, in the presence of about forty relatives. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Gould, while the groomsmen was Mr. J. S. Black of Chatham. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at Chatham, where Mrs. Douglas will be at home to her friends after February 1st.

A very delightful dinner of twelve covers was given by Dr. and Mrs. Grasett on Friday of last week, at their home in Simcoe street. The table, one of the finest mahogany in Toronto, was set with a very pretty center and many pink roses and delicate white blooms.

In mentioning Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's dinner (given in honor of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark) last week, some error crept in as to the number of guests, which, I fancy, got mixed with the Hendrie luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne's dinner was to twenty guests, and I am quite sorry any inaccuracy occurred in mentioning so

as that they take to it naturally an' injy it from th' first.

"There will doubtless be great competition among prominent amachoores as to which can make th' best score at th' tax assessor's office. No wan who is not willin' to swear to a schedule av tin dollars to th' million will be allowed on th' list av recognized amachoores, an' a silver loving-up will be awarded to every player worth more than tin million who gets off without any assissment at all.

"Other rules already adoptid be th' association are as follows:

"All people havin' incomes av less than wan hundred thousand dollars a year shall be classed as professionals. "Anny mamber payin' taxes on more than a third av his property shall be suspended for wan year.

"Anny amachoo in good standin' kin become a life mamber av th' association be foundin' a couple of universities, givin' a lot av junk th' he hasn't got room for about th' house to th' government at Washington or be endowin' a free bid in a hospital to be occupied exclusively by victims av his automobile.

"A motion to lay a mamber on or under th' table shall always be in order.

"As soon as th' game gits well under way I expect that it'll be fashionable to be poor—av course, strictly as amachoores—an' I'm goin' to apply for a job as a professional at wan av th' leadin' clubs."

Will the New Woman be Religious?

"THE woman has charge of the good," said Renan. "Woman is the archpriestess of religion," says another. These sayings reflect a hoary opinion. Indeed, so constant has woman been to the orthodoxy of her time, and so loyal in her devotion to the professional and established teachers of religion, that it has been said

Mothers, wives, and maids, These be the tools wherewith priests manage men.

The conventional assumption is that woman gains her truth of the spiritual world through her intuitions, and that,



#### HOLIDAY GIFTS

IN

#### CHINA and GLASS



**William Junior**  
88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

consequently, she would better let resson alone.

Yea, even more, it is assumed by some that she is constitutionally disqualified for dealing with problems of theology or philosophy. It was F. D. Maurice's youthfu opinion—he probably learned better later in life—that there probably was not a female in England who, in 1828, had any knowledge of theology; and he also held that unless women were given a scientific education it was useless to expect anything more than religion of the heart from them. "How many women do you know who are religious?" wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Haworth, referring to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "who are religious, and yet analyze point by point what they believe in?" She (Mrs. Stowe) lives in the midst of the traditional churches, and is full of reverence for them. "How many women do you know who are religious?" wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Miss Haworth, referring to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "who are religious, and yet analyze point by point what they believe in?" 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McMaster College will be en fete next Friday evening, when Founder's Day will be honored, as usual, by a reception, at which the Chancellor will receive and the faculty and students will be hosts.

Bain's book store is simply crammed with interesting and beautiful things. Some of the books are simply charming. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with pictures by Howard Chandler Christy, is a gem. Gibson girls with their hair done in the prevailing modes are enchanting in a book satirically entitled "The Weaker Sex." And for men is Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and some delightful small editions of standard works. The "Christmas Book Shop" is also well stocked with calendars as usual.

The annual conversazione of Victoria University, held on Friday, December 4, was the most successful event that "Victoria" has known. More than seven hundred guests kept up the stately promenade until after midnight. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, received in the library from 8.30 to 9 o'clock, and afterwards attended a concert given in the chapel. Refreshments were served downstairs in a lecture-room that had been transformed into a banquet hall, where the tables were centered brightly with carnations and roses. The halls and corridors were lavishly decorated with flags and palms, and for the serious-minded there were interesting exhibitions of Egyptian, Chinese and Indian collections. There was also the De Forrest exhibition of wireless telegraphy, which attracted the scientific.

In St. Peter's Church, at 2.30 on Thursday afternoon, December 3, Miss Janet Beatrice Carter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Carter, was married to Mr. E. Stanley Wellington of Mr. W. E. Wellington of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Venerable Archdeacon Boddy. The musical part of the service was rendered by Mr. Arthur Blakeley and his quartette choir. The bride, who was escorted by her father, wore a gown of ivory Liberty satin, with an overdress of shirred chiffon, trimmed with exquisite Carrickmacross and Limerick lace. The veil was of the finest Limerick lace, and had been worn by her grandmother and mother. It was surmounted by a graceful wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of palest pink orchids and lily of the valley. The bride was attended by her only sister, Miss Madeline Carter, who wore a quaint frock of white taffeta silk, with a dainty pattern of pink rosebuds. The bodice was

of old-fashioned style, with elbow sleeves and huge lace flounces, and a drapery of old Limerick lace. She wore a large Victorian poke bonnet of green panne velvet, with long shaded green plumes, and carried a small bouquet of pink rosebuds and mimone, with a rill of lace, in an antique silver bouquet holder. The groomsmen was Mr. Cromwell Gurney. The ushers were Messrs. Stewart Playfair, Harry Love, James Douglas, Charles Wisner, Charles Lee and H. J. Carter. Mrs. Carter was escorted by her son, and wore a costume of softest gray broadcloth, embroidered in a handsome design in cream silk, the embroidered panels being separated by insertions of beautiful Venetian point lace, showing the underdress of cream satin. The hat was of gray tulie, trimmed with long gray plumes. Mrs. Carter carried a shower bouquet of crimson roses. The church was decorated with triple arches of Southern smilax and white chrysanthemums. A reception at Homewood avenue followed, the artistic house being decorated everywhere with Southern smilax and chrysanthemums. The polished table in the dining-room lit with innumerable yellow candles in quaint old brass candelabra, was decorated with a huge basket of yellow chrysanthemums and yellow ribbon. A large number of guests, friends of both families, were present. The bride's going-away gown was of brown canvas cloth over brown taffeta, the bodice trimmed with point applique. A brown and white hat, with trimmings of mink, was worn with Persian lamb and mink-trimmed coat. The bridal couple left on the 5.20 train for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Worthington of Chicago are spending the winter in Toronto. They have taken a furnished house, 106 Madison avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Blackburn, New York, are the guests of Mrs. Blackburn's sister, Mrs. A. Coulter, 59 Grosvenor street, where they will remain until Christmas. Mrs. Blackburn will be at home to her friends on Wednesdays.

Mrs. Chapman and Miss Hyndman of Jarvis street give an At Home Tuesday afternoon next.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of Jarvis street are giving an At Home Tuesday evening next for the principals of the city schools and their wives.

Mrs. W. B. Smith and Miss Clara Smith of 135 Avenue road entertained at afternoon tea on Friday, November 27, in honor of Mrs. Herbert E. Smith, one of October's brides.

In South Carolina.

First White Citizen—You weren't at the lynching and burning yesterday.

Second White Citizen—No, hang it! You know that fellow I shot? Well, I had to stay at the court house nearly all day to get acquitted.

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America's Wonderful Contra-Tenor.  
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Wonderful Acrobats.  
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Comedians.  
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Grotesque Comedians.  
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Showing "The Great Train Robbery."  
**SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION**  
**Thos. J. Ryan & Mary Richfield**  
"Mag Hagarty's Father."

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By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.  
AT UNITARIAN CHURCH, JARVIS ST.  
DEC. 12—THE NEW THOUGHT OF CON-  
VERSION.  
The choir will be assisted by Mr.  
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Unitarian Literature Free.—Address, Secre-  
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Whether business man or busi-  
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Lose business and friends be-  
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Friday, Dec. 11th, Dingman's Hall, Queen and Yorkville. Saturday, Dec. 12th, McRae's Hall, Yorkville. Thursday, Dec. 17th, McRae's Hall, Brookton. Saturday, Dec. 19th, St. Andrew's Hall. Monday, Dec. 21st, McMath Hall, Parkdale. Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, Ward's Hall, Spadina. Grand Stereoion. Views at each meeting. All meetings to commence sharp at 8 o'clock.

SANITARIUM BY-LAW  
CAMPAIGN MEETINGS

Friday, Dec. 11th, Dingman's Hall, Queen and

Yorkville. Thursday, Dec. 17th, McRae's

Hall, Brookton. Saturday, Dec. 19th, St. An-

drew's Hall. Monday, Dec. 21st, McMath Hall,

Parkdale. Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, Ward's Hall,

Spadina. Grand Stereoion. Views

at each meeting. All meetings to commence

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One of the most attractive that have lately been seen at "King Edward" and other society events were designed and finished in the best establishment. Of course there are an infinite number of styles and cuts—some tailor-made, others for "Madame," others with bewildering profusion of lace and trimming. To be in perfect taste, however, the style must be adapted to the figure and complexion, and we give the correct suggestions.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births**

Anderson—Dec. 8, Toronto. Mrs. James S. Anderson, a daughter.

Jamieson—Dec. 4, Barrie. Mrs. J. J. Jamieson, a son.

Bonham—Dec. 8, Toronto. Mrs. John R. Bonham, a daughter.

Bird—Dec. 6, New York. Mrs. Eustace G. Bird, a son.

Becker—Dec. 5, Toronto. Mrs. W. G. Becker, a son (stillborn).

Morton—Dec. 4, Newwood road, East Toronto. Mrs. Edward L. Morton, a son.

Hodgson—Dec. 4, Rowden Hill, Chippingham, Wiltshire, England. Mrs. P. F. Hodgson, a son.

**Marriages**

Brownlee—Perrin—Nov. 11, Denison, Tex. W. H. Brownlee, a son to William Perrin.

Birch—Stephen—Dec. 8, Toronto. Will L. Birch to Eva Stephen.

Spence—McKay—Dec. 7, Riverside, West Gwillimbury. R. J. Spence to Rhoda McKay.

Ward—Stanley—Carter—Dec. 3, Toronto. Earle Stanley Wellington to Beatrice Janet Carter.

Monro—Eyles—Dec. 3, Toronto. Rev. Campbell Hamilton Monro to Elena M. M. Eyles.

**Deaths**

White—In Chicago. Dec. 4, Kathleen Muriel, youngest daughter of Frank Edison and Mrs. White, and granddaughter of Rev. M. L. Pearson, of Toronto, aged 11 years, and 11 days.

Stuck—Dec. 4, Toronto. Charles J. Stuck, aged 66 years.

Day—Dec. 8, Toronto. John Day, aged 76 years.

Cluff—Dec. 7, Toronto. Richard Cluff, aged 76 years.

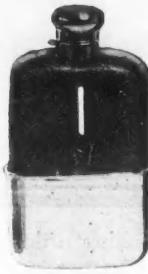
Gourlay—Dec. 7, Toronto Junction. Hettie Gertrude Eastwood Gourlay, aged 8 days.

McArthur—Dec. 7, Toronto. J. B. McArthur, a son, aged 54 years.

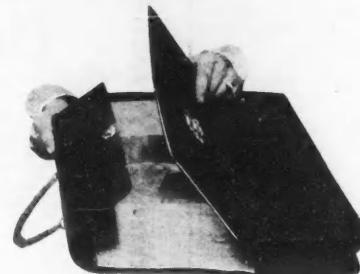
Percival—Dec.

**Fitted Bags for Men**

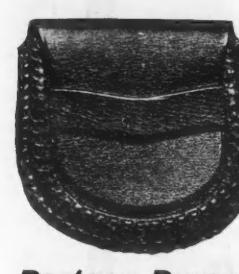
Complete with the best Ebony Brushes and Bottles, 18-inch, \$20.00; 20-inch, \$21.00.  
Sterling Tops to Bottles \$5.00 extra.

**Flasks**

We have the largest stock in Canada.  
Prices, 30c. to \$5.00.

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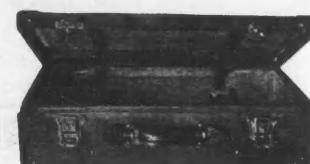
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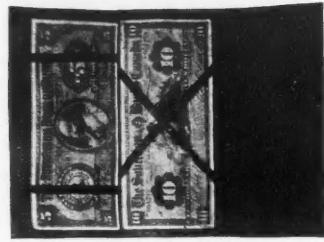
In Buck, Deer and Kangaroo with Rubber Linings.  
Prices, 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

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In all colors of leather, 24 and 26 inches long, lined-lined.  
Price, \$14.00 and 15.00.  
Leather lined, \$16.00 and 17.00.

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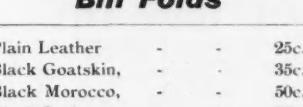
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LEATHER WATCH GUARDS  
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PEN WIPERS  
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PLAYING CARDS IN CASES  
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Black Morocco	-	-	-	50c.
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Black Seal	-	-	-	1.00
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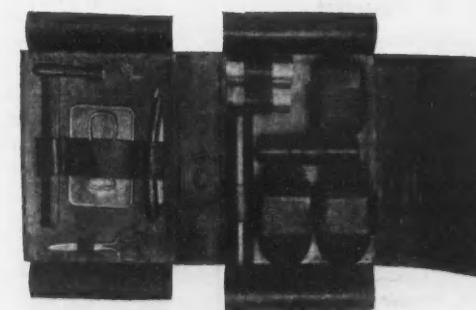
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